

DYNAMIC COMICS

NO. 12
10¢

HARRY A. CHESLER / S
WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS



DYNAMIC MAN



THEY LOOKED LIKE HUMANS WHO NEEDED HELP AND SYMPATHY FROM ALL HUMANITY. BUT THEY ACTED LIKE DEMONS FROM HADES WHEN THE HELPING HAND WAS OFFERED. AMERICA MAY WELL THANK THE MIGHTY DYNAMIC MAN FOR HIS VITAL PART IN WHAT MIGHT WELL HAVE AFFECTED YOUR HOME AND MINE.

IN THE HEART OF A MINING TOWN IN THE U.S.A.

I HAVEN'T MUCH, BUT WILL GLADLY GIVE YOU SOMETHING, POOR WOMAN.

HA, HA, HA! SOON YOU WILL GIVE ME ALL!



IT IS A STRANGE GRATITUDE
THAT THE HIDEOUS FIGURE
SHOWS HER BENEFACTOR.



THE TERRIBLE DISEASE IS
PASSED TO ANOTHER VICTIM.



THAT'S A GOOD SHINE, HERES
A DIME.



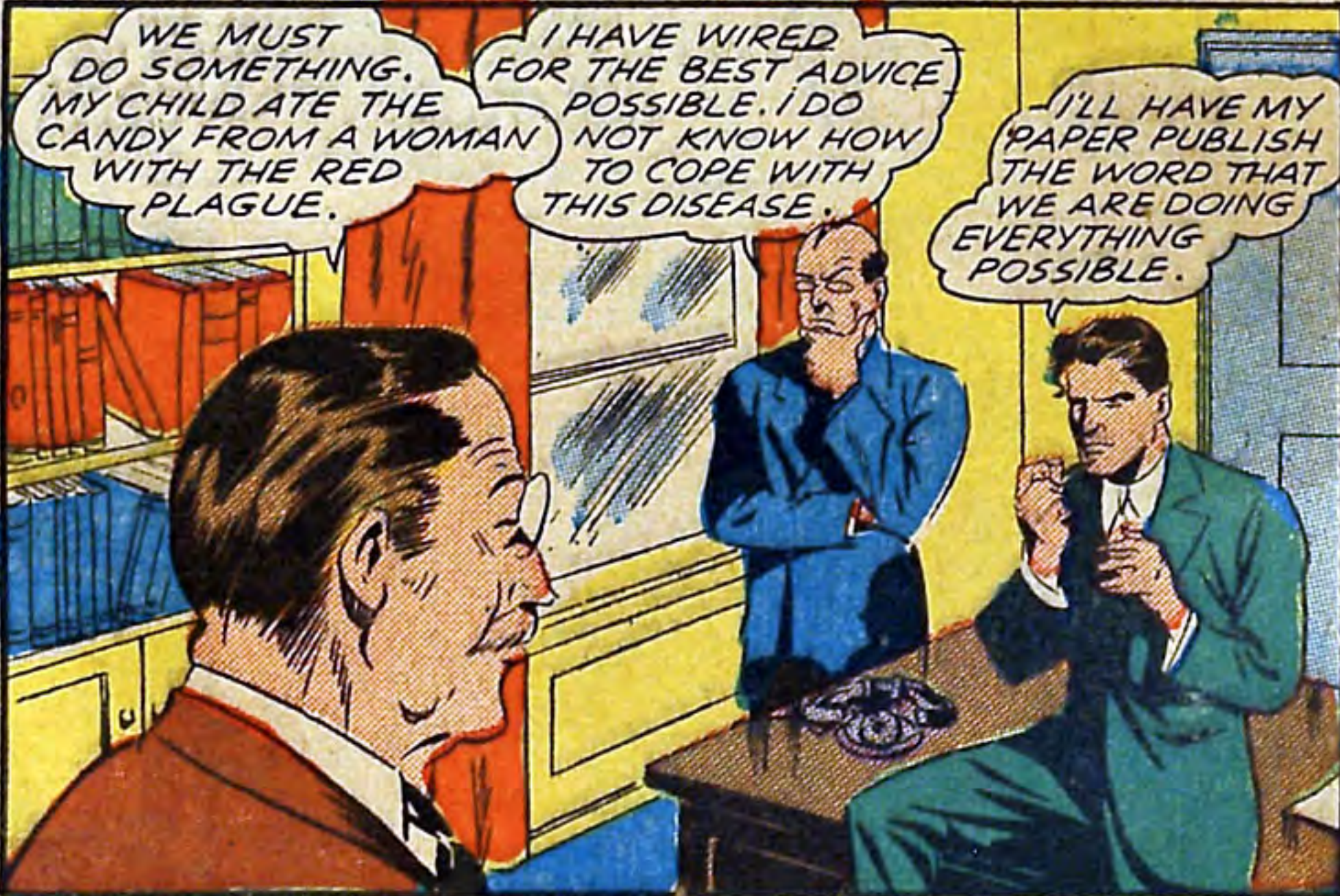
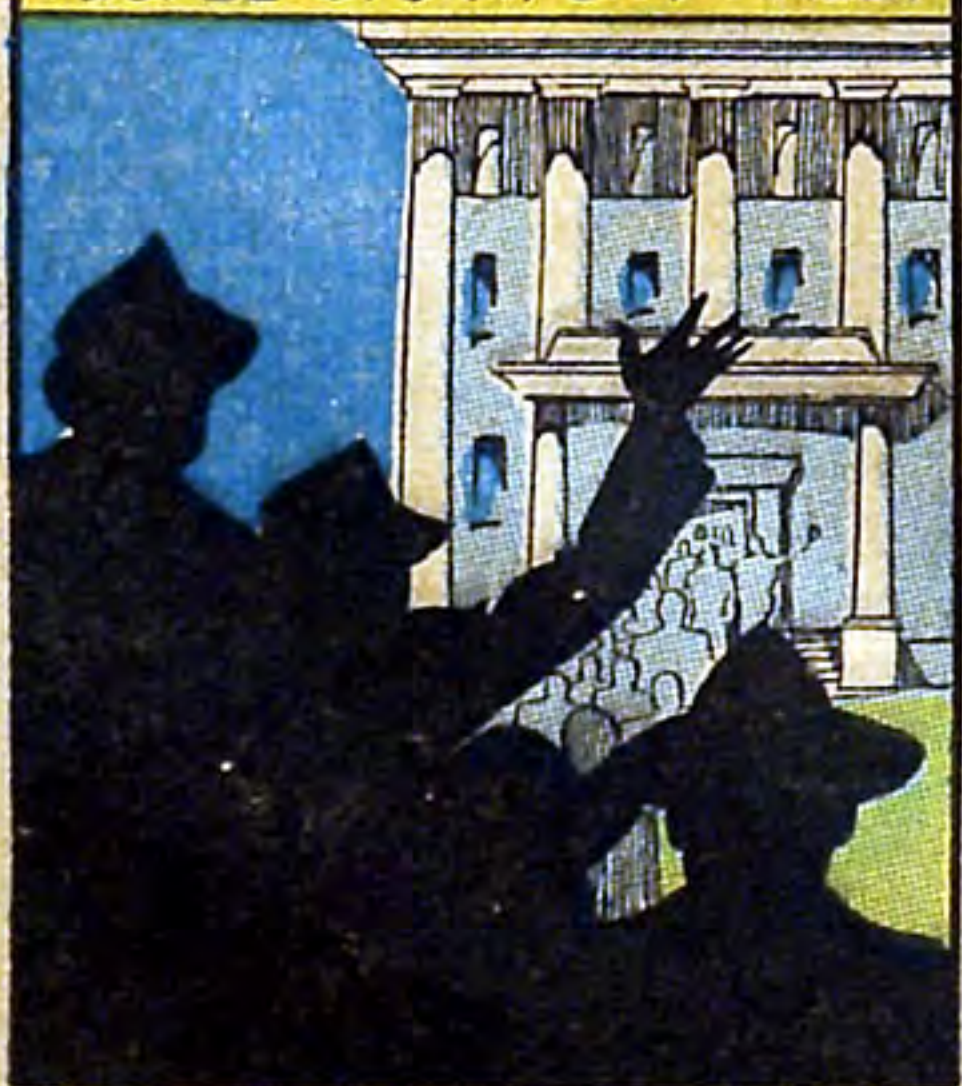
THANK YOU KINDLY, LET ME
SHAKE YOUR HAND.



RICH AND POOR, YOUNG AND
OLD ALIKE MEET THE LIVING
DEATH.



FRANTIC, WITH THE HORRIBLE
NEWS THAT THEY WILL GET
THE RED PLAGUE, A MOB OF
PEOPLE STORM CITY HALL.



A DISTRACTED MAYOR FACES THE TERRIFIED CITIZENS WITH LITTLE HOPE.

PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES- WE WILL DO ALL IN OUR POWER TO FREE YOU FROM THIS MENACE.



WE MUST KEEP THE CHILDREN INSIDE THE HOUSE. OUR FAMILY IS FORTUNATE TO HAVE ESCAPED THE SCOURGE.

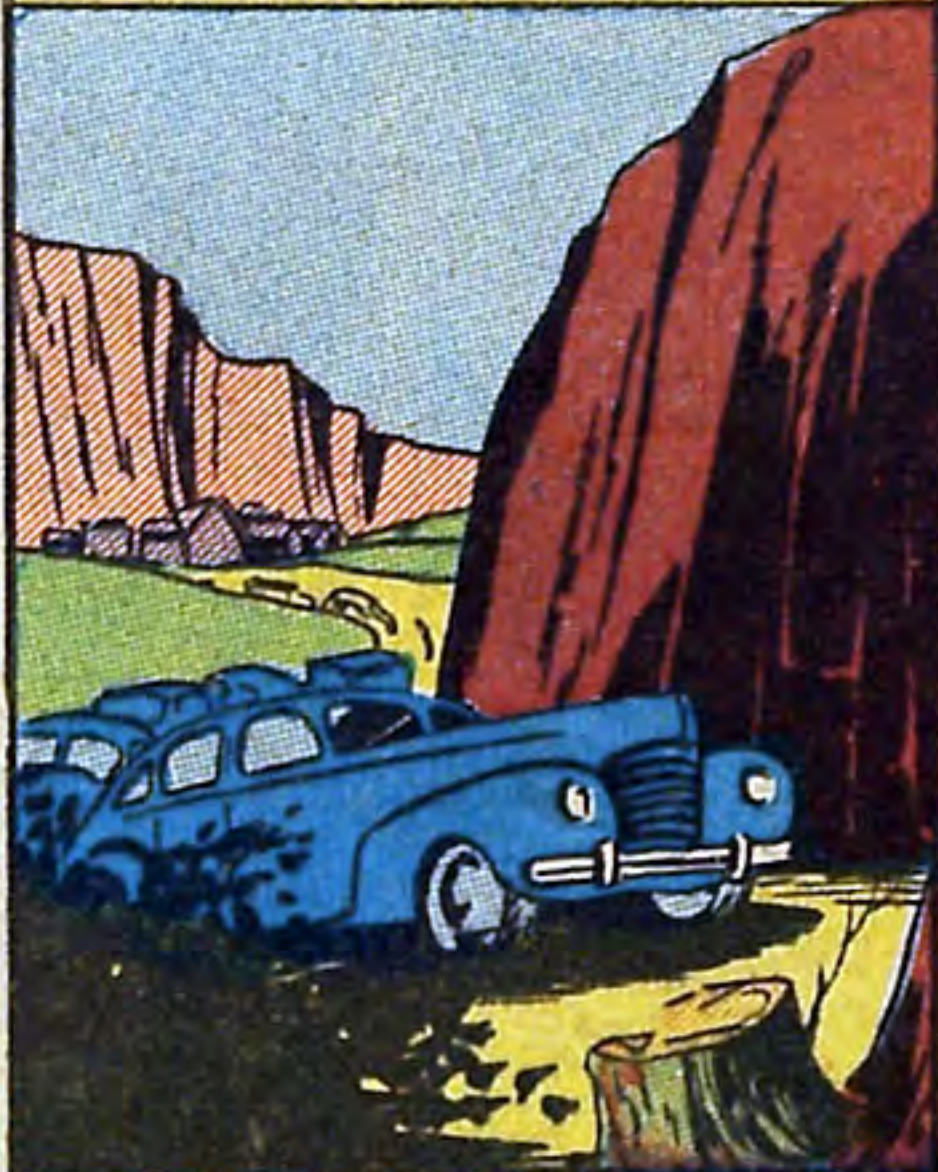


AND THROUGH OUT THE CITY, THE TERRIBLE MENACE STRIKES AND STRIKES AGAIN.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE- THE SMOKE YOU BREATHE CARRIES THE SCOURGE. IT COMES FROM MY DRIED SKIN.



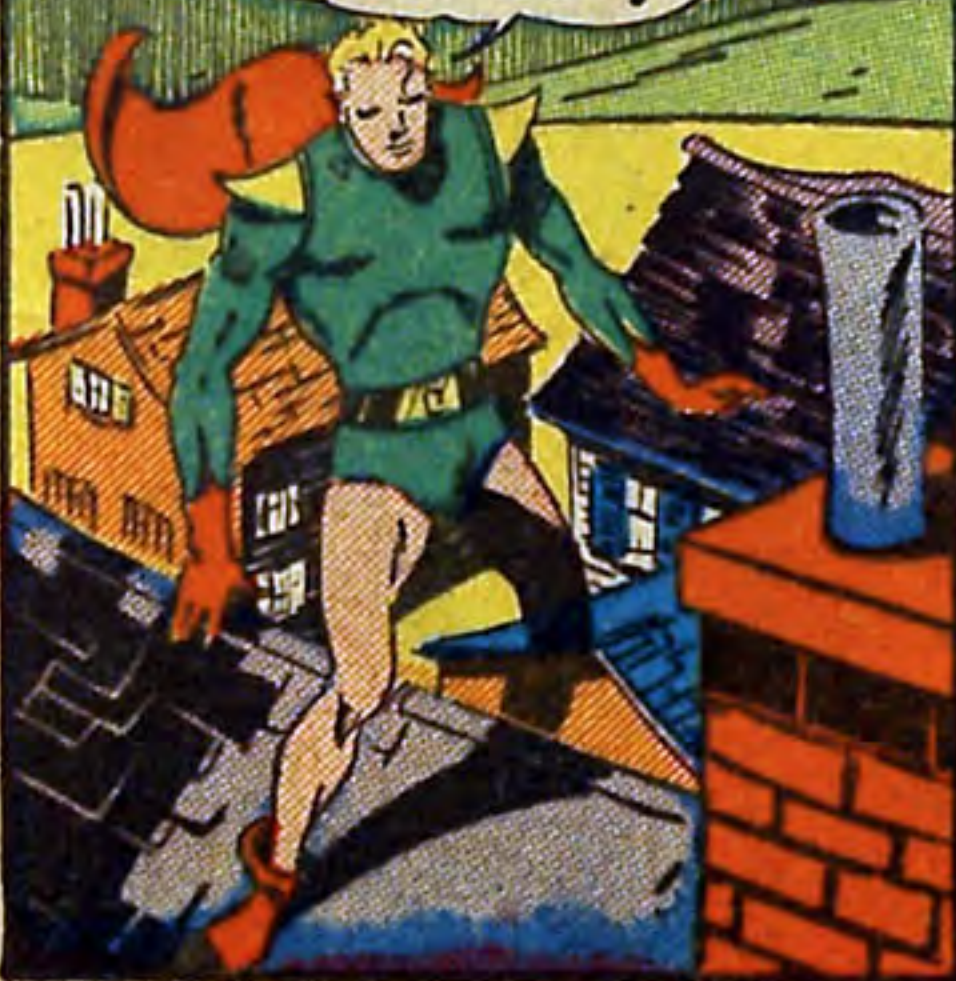
MEN THROW UP THEIR JOBS, DESERT THEIR HOMES TO FLEE THE CURSED SPOT.



A SILENT FIGURE FLASHES ACROSS THE SKY.



THE PEOPLE ARE FLEEING AND DESERTING THE CITY- SOMETHING DREADFUL MUST HAVE HAPPENED, I MUST FIND OUT!

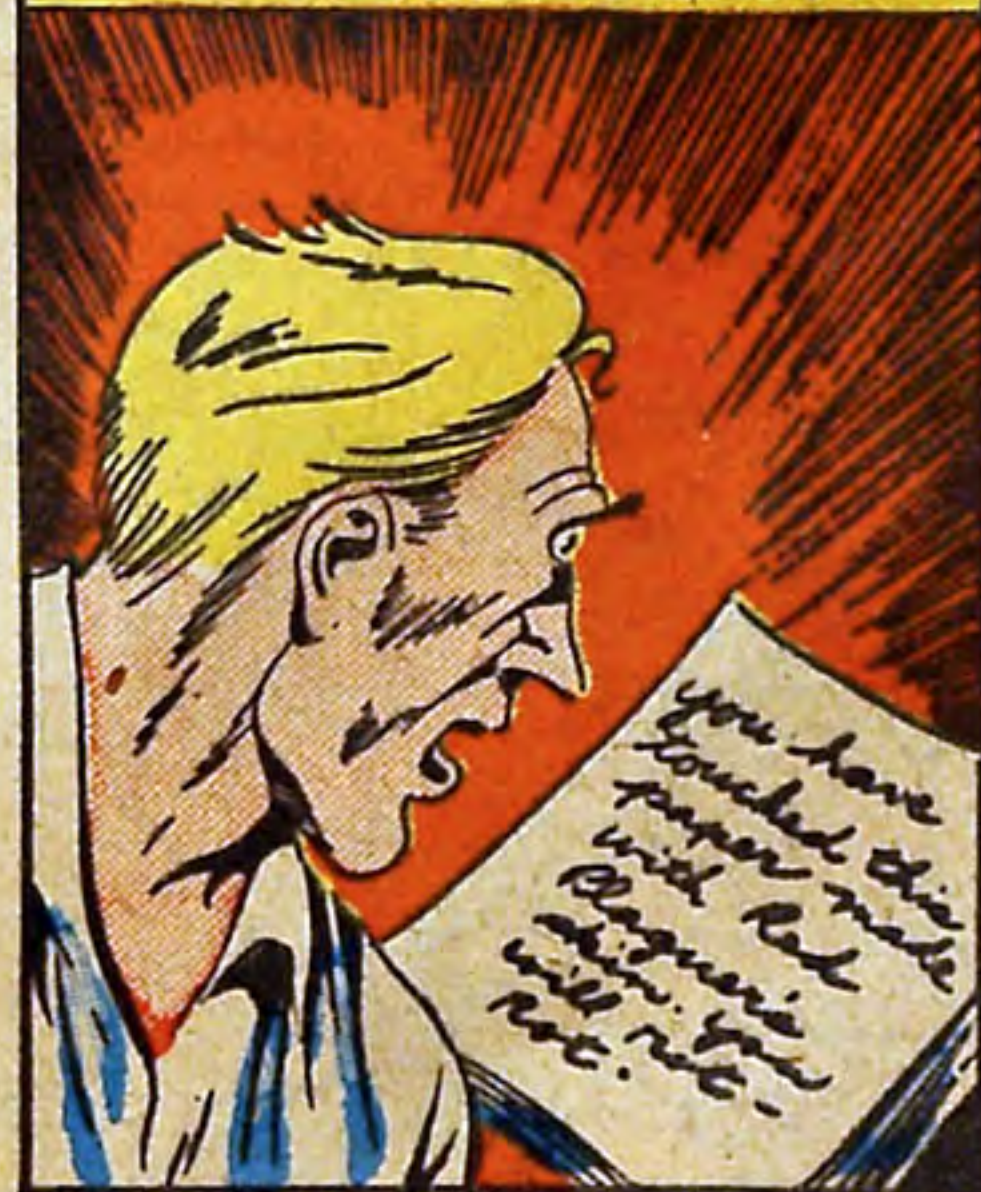


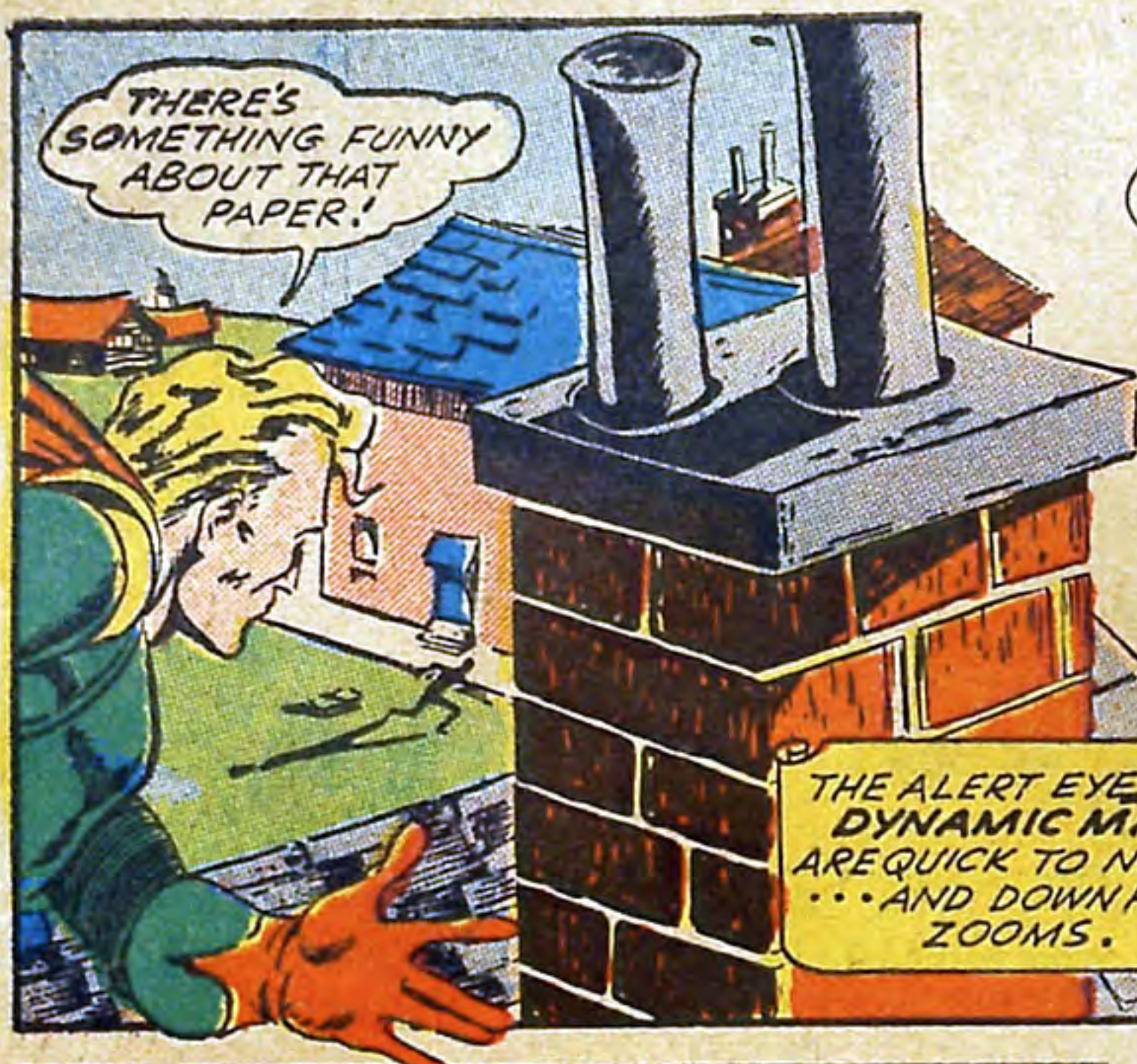
WHILE OTHERS FLEE, THE SPREAD OF DESTRUCTION CONTINUES.

TOSS 'EM OUT SO THEY'LL BE PICKED UP AND READ.



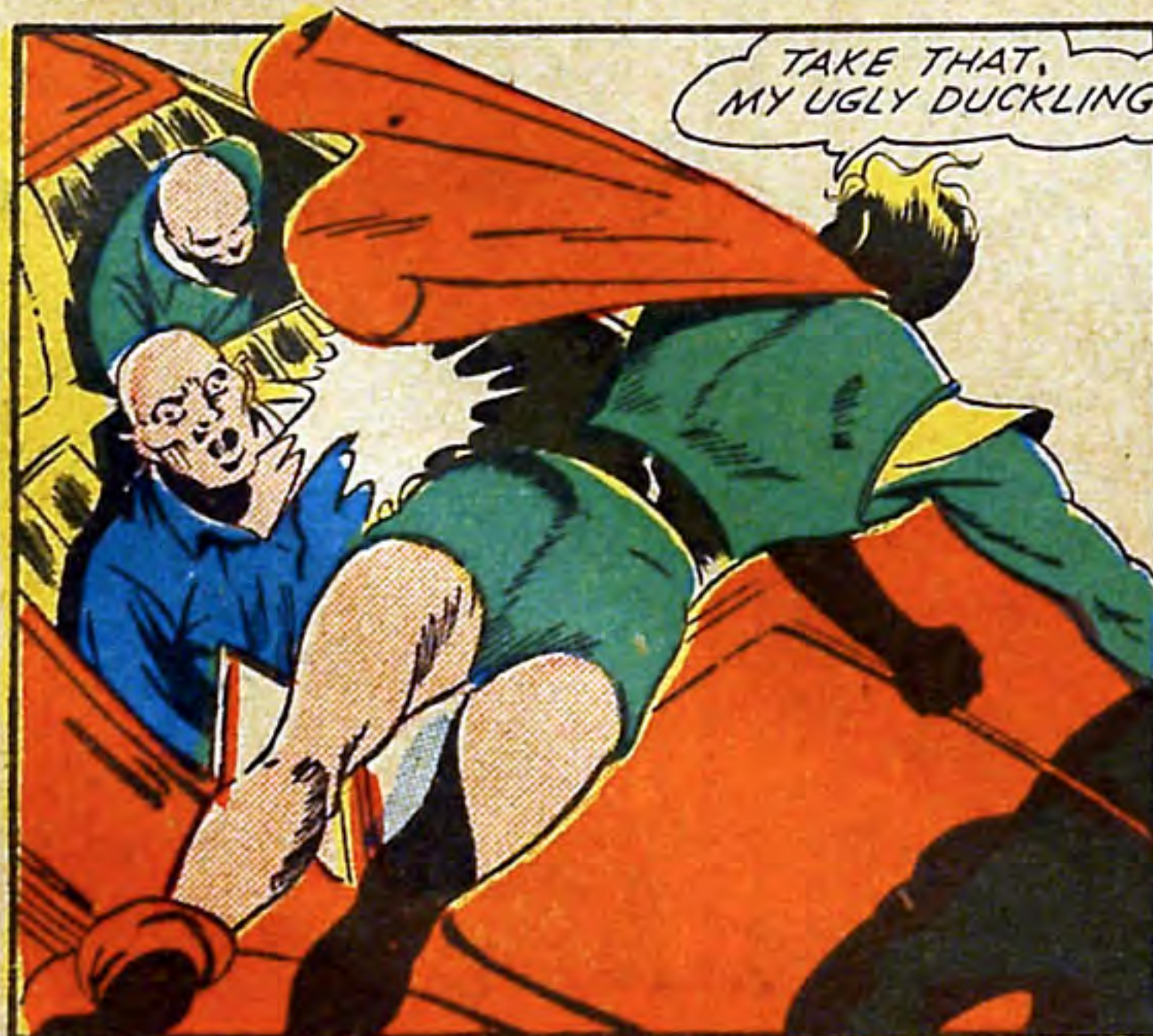
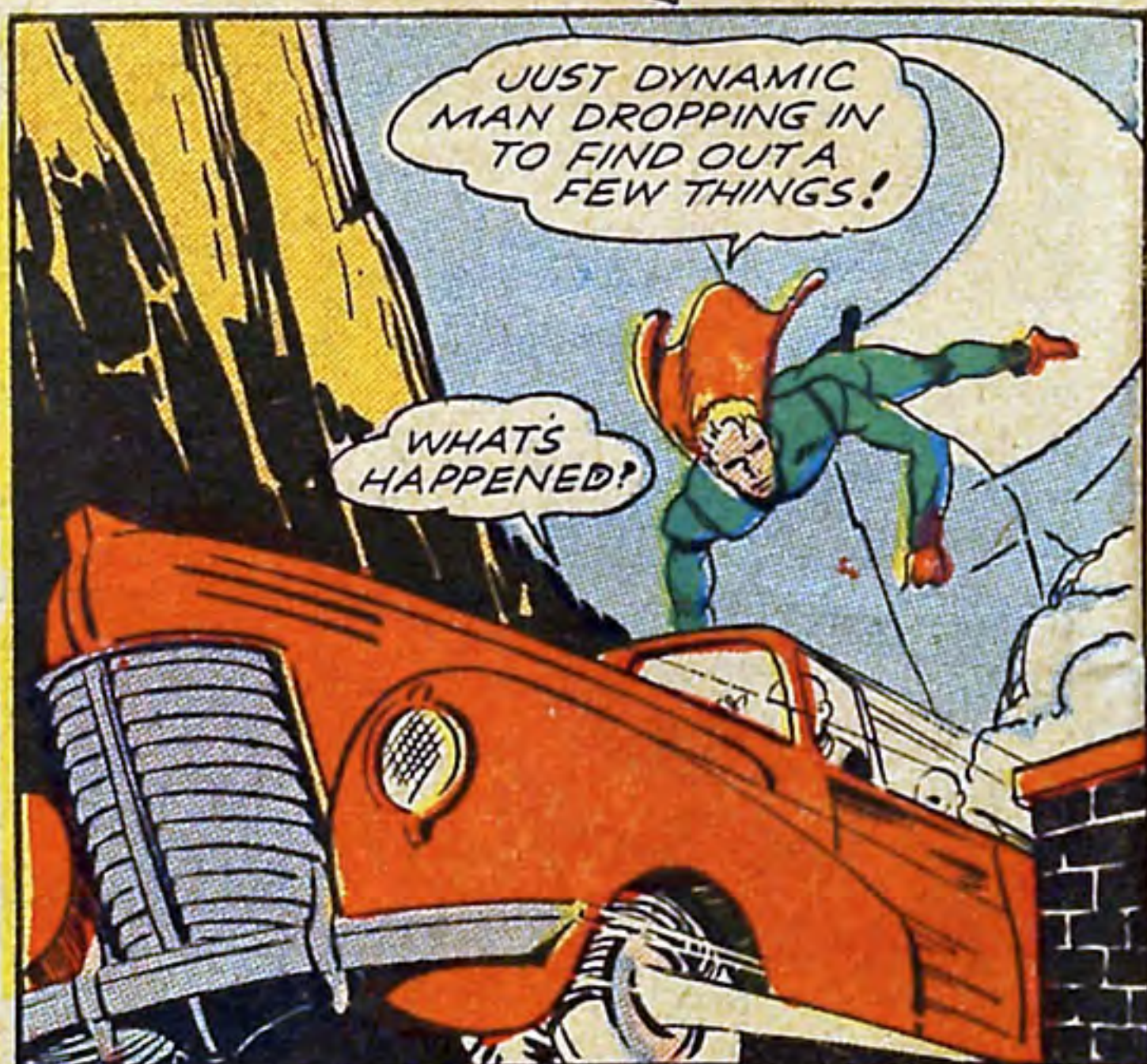
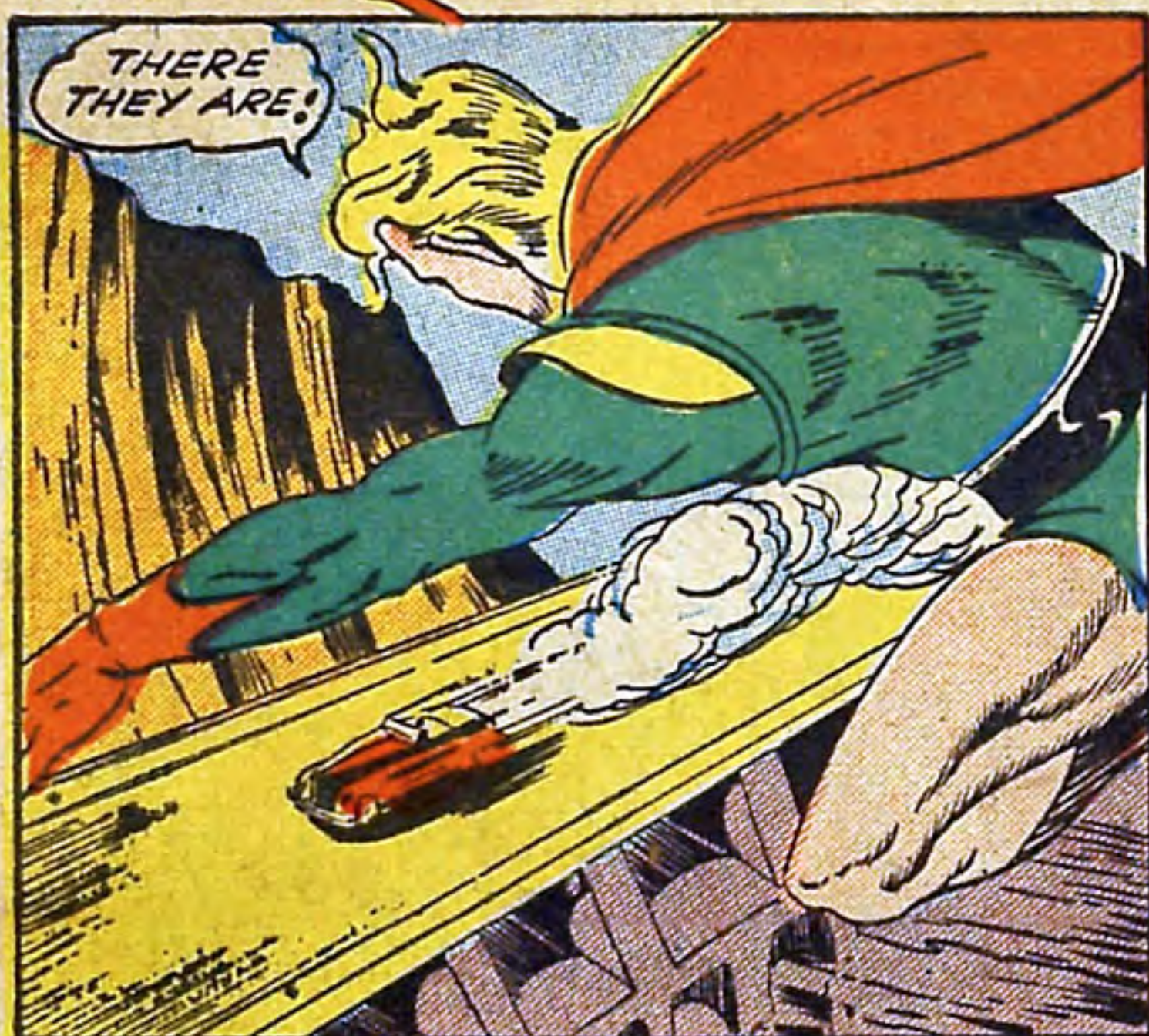
AS A PASSERBY LIFTS ONE OF THE PAPERS...

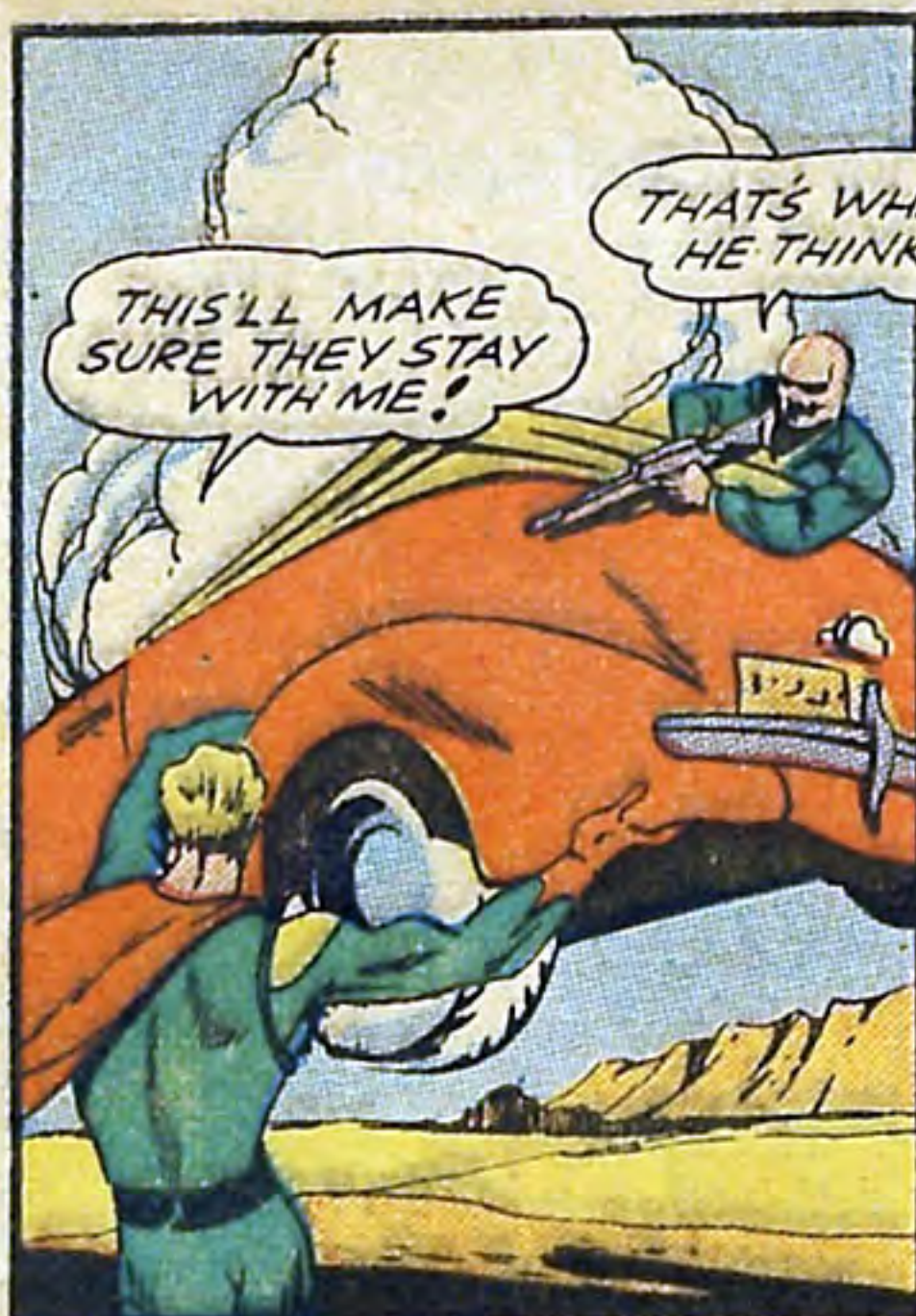




HO, SO THIS IS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL. MY BODY CAN WITHSTAND EVEN THIS. NOW FOR THOSE MEN IN THE CAR.

THE ALERT EYES OF DYNAMIC MAN ARE QUICK TO NOTICE... AND DOWN HE ZOOMS.





THIS'LL MAKE SURE THEY STAY WITH ME!

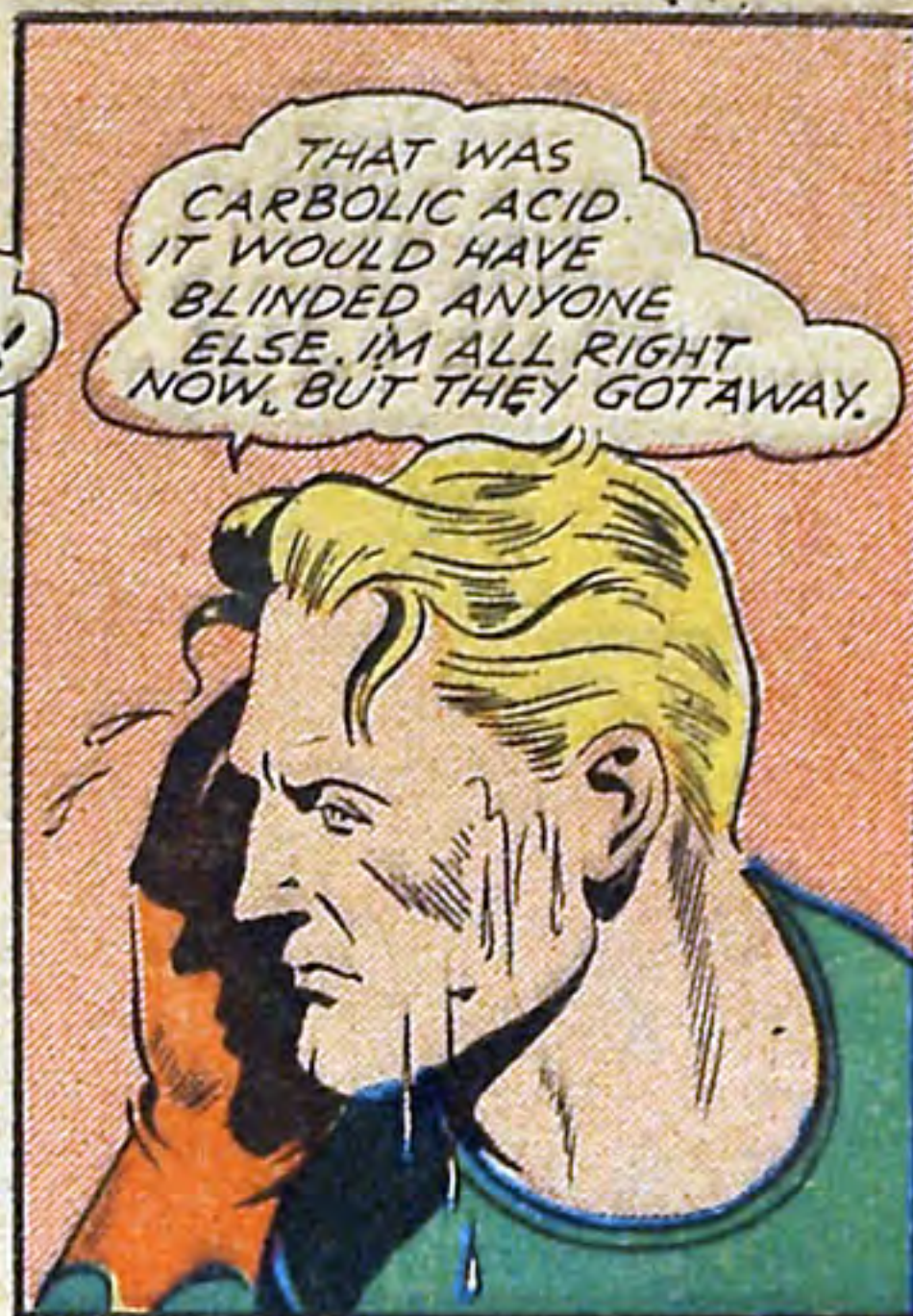
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!



DYNAMIC MAN IS TEMPORARILY BLINDED.

I CAN'T SEE! I CAN'T SEE!

GET OUT OF HERE-- MEN!



THAT WAS CARBOLIC ACID. IT WOULD HAVE BLINDED ANYONE ELSE. I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, BUT THEY GOT AWAY.

AND AS THE EVENING PAPERS ARE DELIVERED, THE CITIZENS READ.



WE HAVE LIVED HERE ALL OUR LIVES BUT NOW WE MUST GO

DAILY STAR

DR. ALLEN REPORTS NO CURE FOR HORRIBLE DISEASE

WE WILL SELL OUR PROPERTY TOMORROW.

NEXT MORNING, CROWDS SWARM TO THE REAL ESTATE AGENTS TO UNLOAD THEIR PROPERTY.



I WILL PAY YOU ONE DOLLAR A FRONT FOOT FOR YOUR PROPERTY BUT ADVISE YOU NOT TO SELL.



YOU CAN HAVE MY PLACE.

MINE COST SIX THOUSAND AND I'LL ONLY GET SIXTY BACK BUT I'M GETTING OUT!

AND THOUSANDS SEE THE FIRST SIGNS OF THE HIDEOUS DISEASE.



IT'S ALL OVER MY FACE-- OHHHH!



LOOK, THE BABY HAS IT, OHHHH!

AS TWO FIGURES HURRY TO A DESERTED SHACK THEIR EVERY MOVE IS WATCHED BY THE MIGHTY DYNAMIC MAN.



TO THE HIDEOUT QUICK!

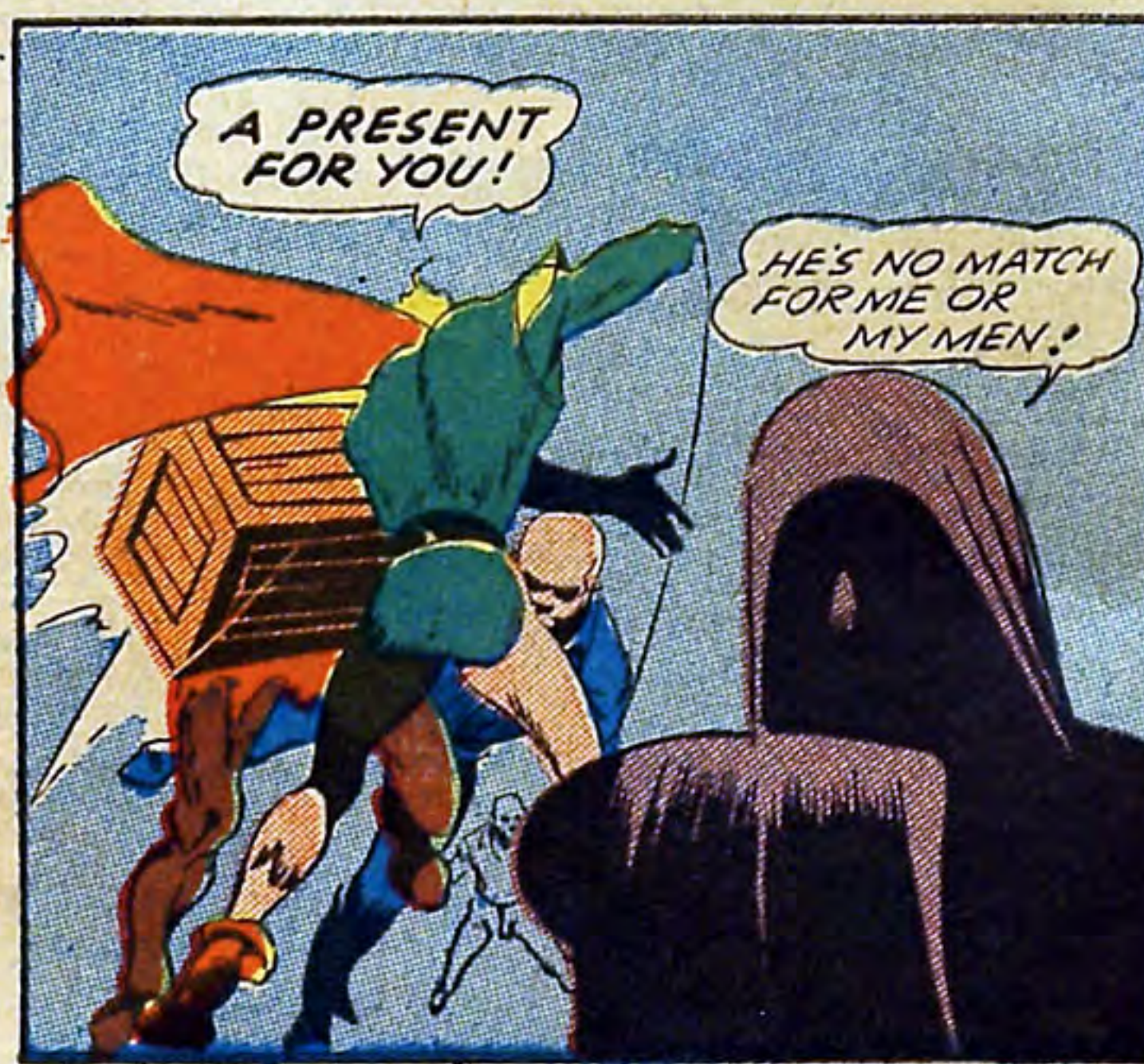
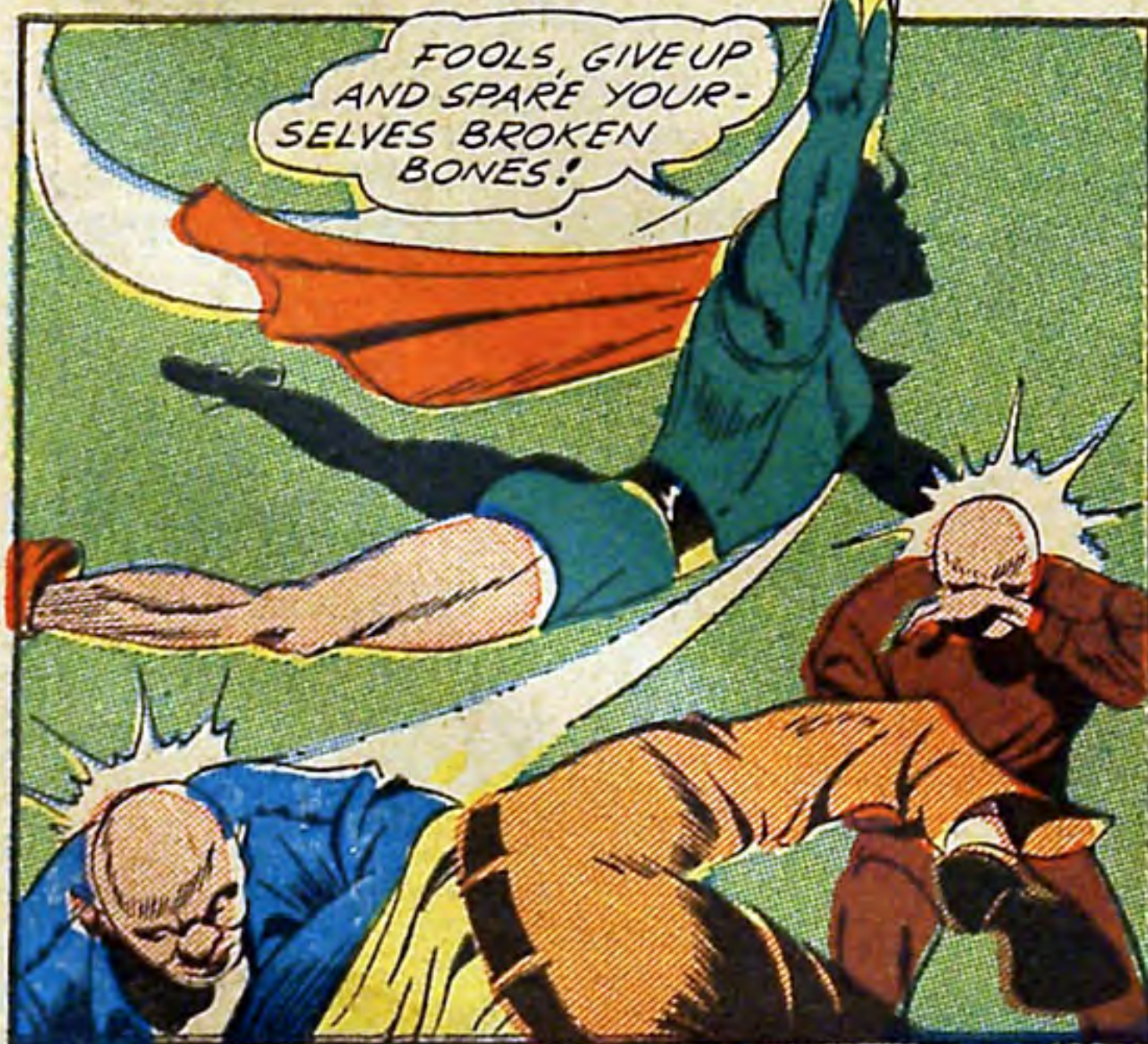
A COUNCIL IS CALLED AND THE HORRIBLE CREATURES MEET.



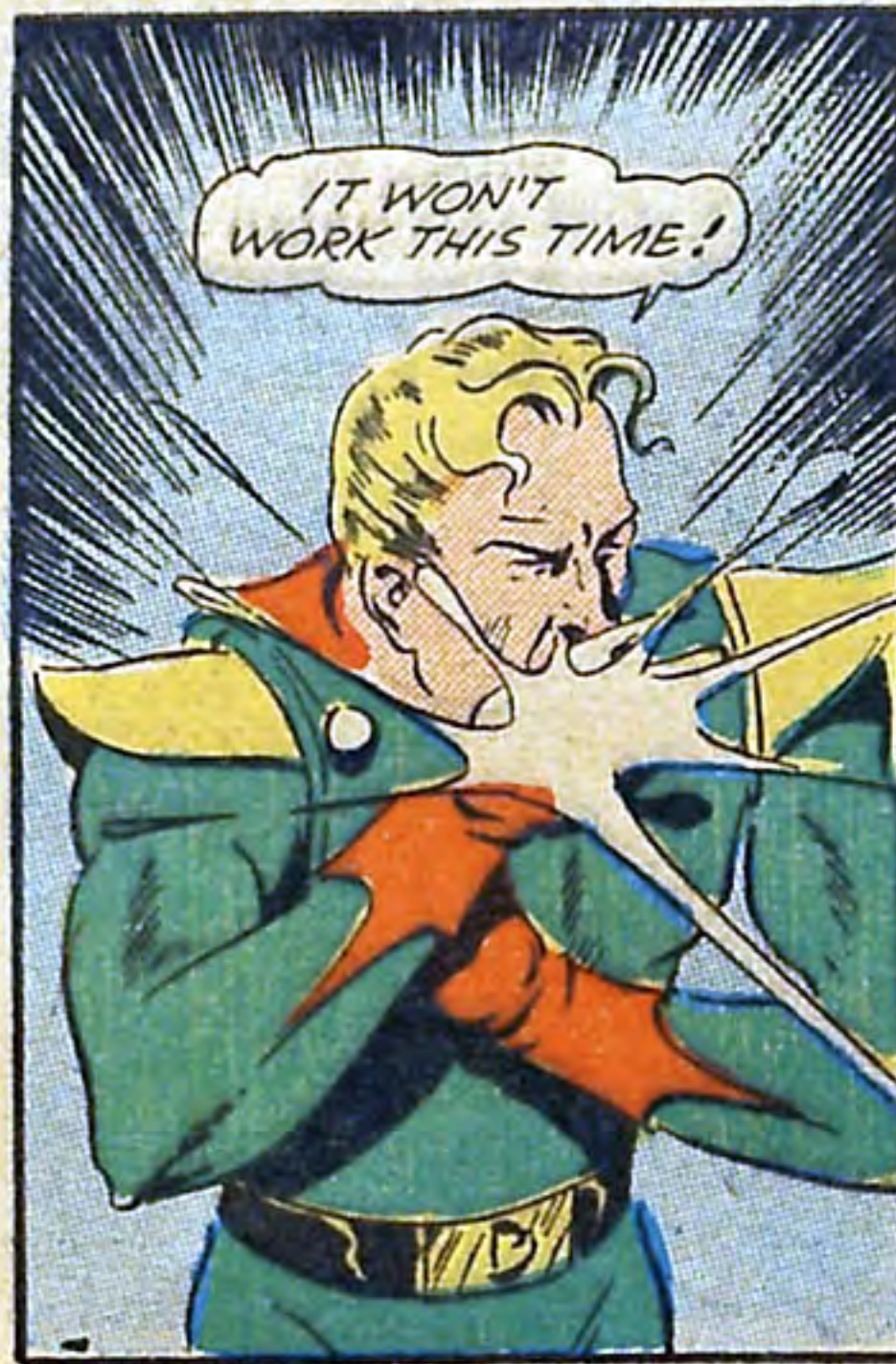
INSIDE THE DESERTED BARN...



SUDDENLY THE WALL IS SMASHED AND...








IT'S ONLY A RASH POWDER I SPREAD OVER THE CITY. I SCARED THEM INTO SELLING THEIR PROPERTY. I HAD THE REAL ESTATE AGENT BUY IT FOR ME. THIS ENTIRE TOWN STANDS ON A HUGE COPPER MINE WHICH I WANTED.





PUNCH COMICS

RIP ROARIN' FEATURES

AT YOUR NEWSDEALER NOW!

Mr.

E



ASSISTED BY THE STRANGE
GOD, **KING KOLAH**,
REMNANT OF AN EXTINCT
CIVILIZATION, WHOSE
TEACHINGS PROCLAIM
THE VIOLENT DESTRUCTION
OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE,
MR. E AND HIS MESSENGERS
OF KOLAH WAGE A
NEVER ENDING BATTLE
TO CARRY OUT THE WISHES
OF THE TRIBAL GOD.



Washington
The Press Guardian
**DORRENCE HANGS
TONIGHT FOR
DOUBLE MURDER**

STATE PENITENTIARY... A SORROWFUL MOTHER PAYS A FINAL VISIT TO HER SON.

THE EVIDENCE POINTED TO ME... BUT IT ISN'T TRUE! ALL I REMEMBER WAS A BULLET HIT ME IN THE LEG... AND WHEN I CAME TO, THE POLICE WERE THERE...

AND YOU WERE BLAMED FOR A CRIME YOU NEVER COMMITTED! MY POOR BOY... I KNOW YOU... DIDN'T DO IT!

BUT I WAS BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE PLANT... I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON THERE. I...

SORRY, MA'M, BUT YOUR TIME IS UP!

DAZED AND BEWILDERED, THE CONDEMNED MAN'S MOTHER WANDERS AIMLESSLY...

MY BOY! MY POOR BOY! HE'S...

WHEN... THROUGH THE WIND - SHIELD OF HER CAR, THE STRANGE MISS TERRY SEES...

WHY! THAT WOMAN'S FAINTED!

HERE, LET ME TAKE YOU HOME!

THANK YOU, YOU'RE VERY KIND!

...AND SO MY BOY IS TO BE HUNG FOR A CRIME WHICH I'M SURE HE DID NOT DO... HE WAS SUCH A GOOD BOY!

YOUR STORY IS CONVINCING ENOUGH.. I'M SURE WITH THE HELP OF MRE WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING!

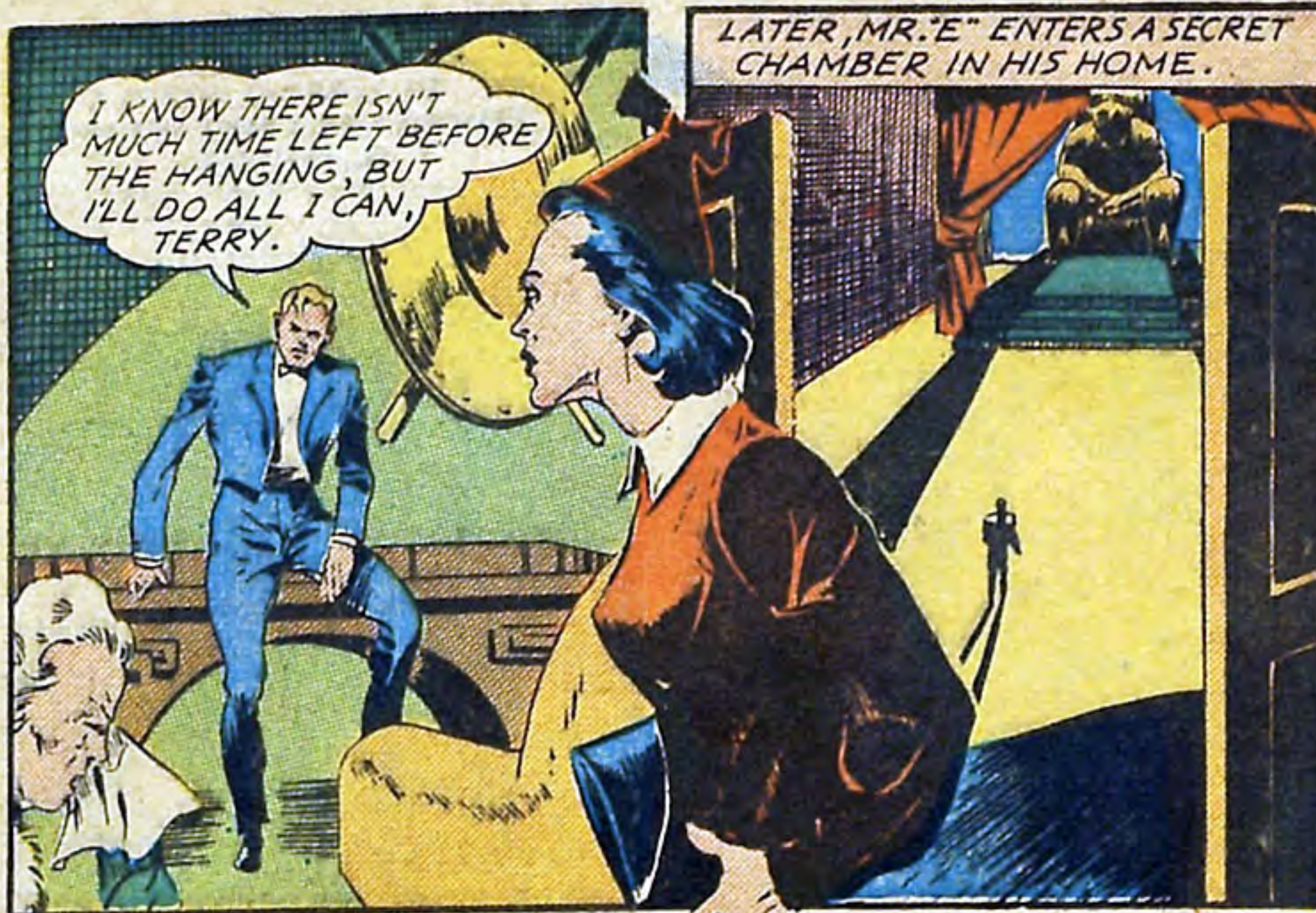
YES, EVEN THE JUDGE SEEMED MOVED... BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES NOTHING BUT THE DEATH PENALTY COULD BE GIVEN.

LATER... MR. E

HELLO, TERRY. WHY THE SUDDEN VISIT?

I HAVE SOMETHING INTERESTING. I MET THE MOTHER OF DORRENCE, THE LAD THAT IS TO BE HUNG TO-NIGHT.

...AND I'M ALMOST SURE THE REAL ROBBERS GRABBED THE KID AND HAD HIM FRAMED.



I KNOW THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT BEFORE THE HANGING, BUT I'LL DO ALL I CAN, TERRY.

LATER, MR. E. ENTERS A SECRET CHAMBER IN HIS HOME.

KNEELING, HE PLEADS THE CASE TO A STONE IMAGE, THE TRIBAL GOD OF A LONG EXTINCT RACE.

ALL WISE, ALL POWERFUL KOLAH, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT CALLS UPON YOU. IF THERE HAS BEEN AN INJUSTICE DONE, THEN LET KOLAH FAVOR US WITH A SIGN!



GO QUICKLY, MESSENGER OF KOLAH!

THE GOD HAS COME TO LIFE... AN INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE!



SWIFTLY, THE WINGED MESSENGER FLUTTERS OUT OF THE OPEN WINDOW...



...SOON COMING TO REST ON THE WINDOW SILL OF AN APARTMENT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.



LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE PAGES OF A FAIRY TALE, THE BIRD TRANSFORMS ITSELF INTO A TINY FIGURE.

NOW TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE.

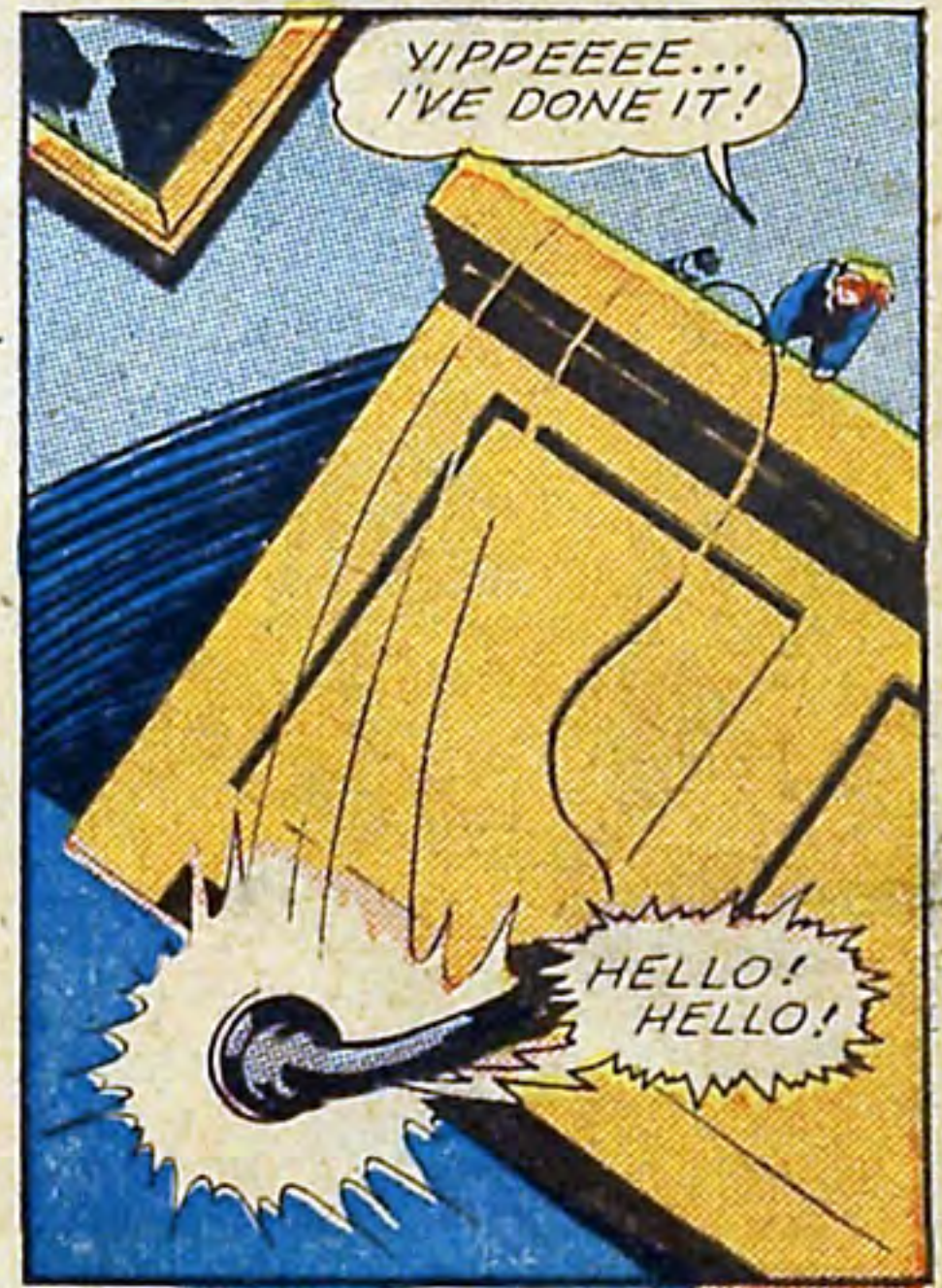


IN A COUPLE OF HOURS THEY'LL HANG THE KID AND WE CAN STOP THIS LAZY LIFE!

SURE RICCI, WE GOT TO GET OUT AND SPEND SOME OF THAT PAYROLL MONEY. THE WAY YOU HANDLED THAT FRAMEUP...



YOU'RE TELLING ME! WE'D ALL BE IN THE COOP IF I DIDN'T... SLINKY... WHAT'S UP?





THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MR. 'E'!



IN A SPLIT SECOND, MR. 'E' DROPS TO THE GROUND AND RETURNS THE FIRE...

HERE'S A KISS, SWEETHEART!



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PLANT A BULLET IN MR. 'E'!



AAAGH... WHAT'S THAT?



THE OTHERS ARE FINISHED... THAT LEAVES THIS ONE AND THE OTHER WHO GOT AWAY!

NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE!



THINGS WILL GO LIGHTLY WITH YOU IF YOU TELL US HOW RICCI FRAMED DORRENCE! STOP SHAKING!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! WHAT'S THAT? ALIVE?



YEAH? GEE, LOOK! I'LL TELL YA. RICCI AND THE BOYS SHOT THE GUARD AND THE COP....

WHO? HIM? OH, SURE HE IS.



... THEY SNATCHED THE PAYROLL AND... AAAGGGH! OOOOH!

THERE GOES RICCI AND OUR WITNESS!





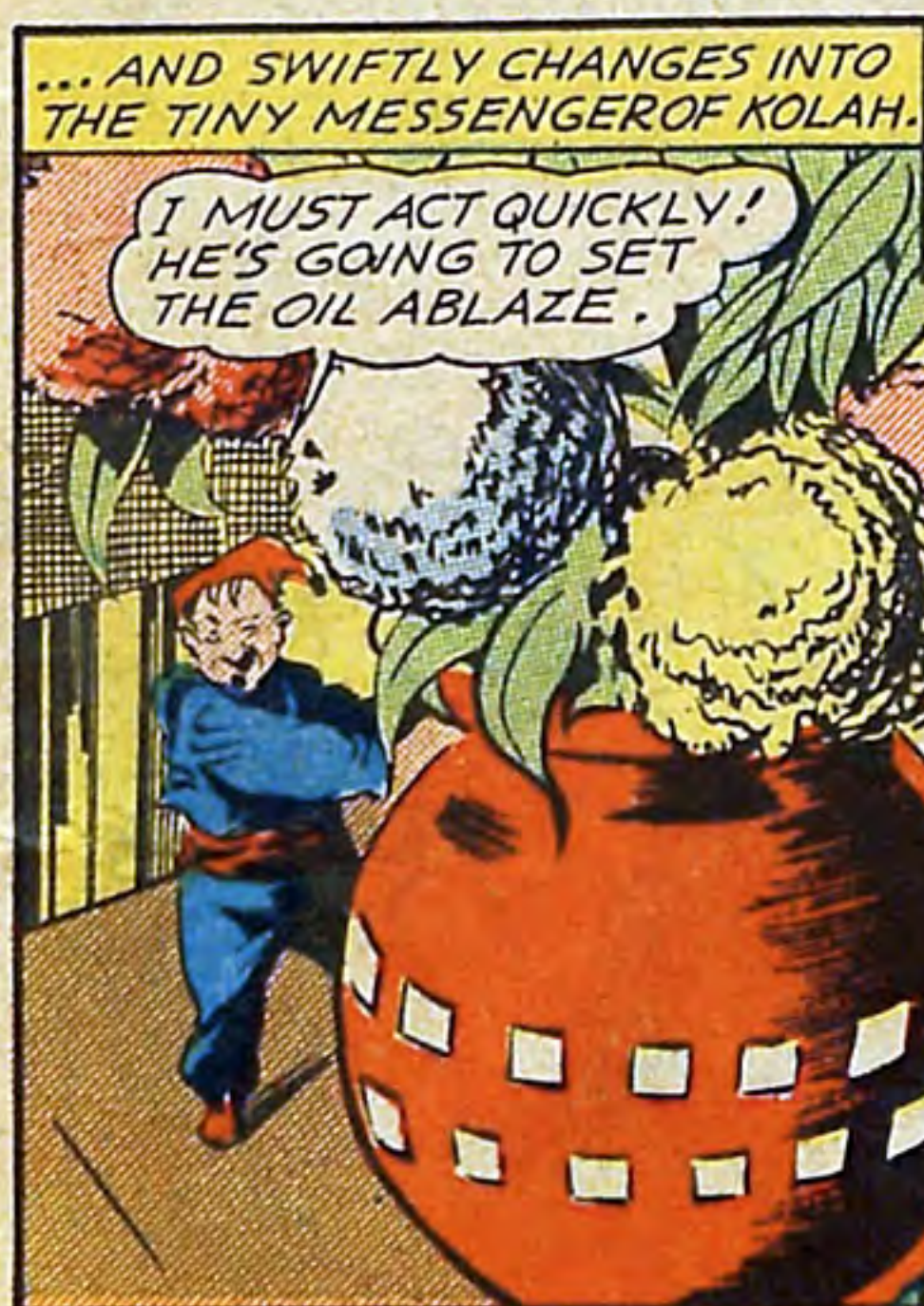
YER RIGHT...
AND HERE'S
A PRESENT
FROM RICCI!



HA, HA, HA, ...
IN A LITTLE WHILE
I'LL BE RID OF YOU
BOTH!

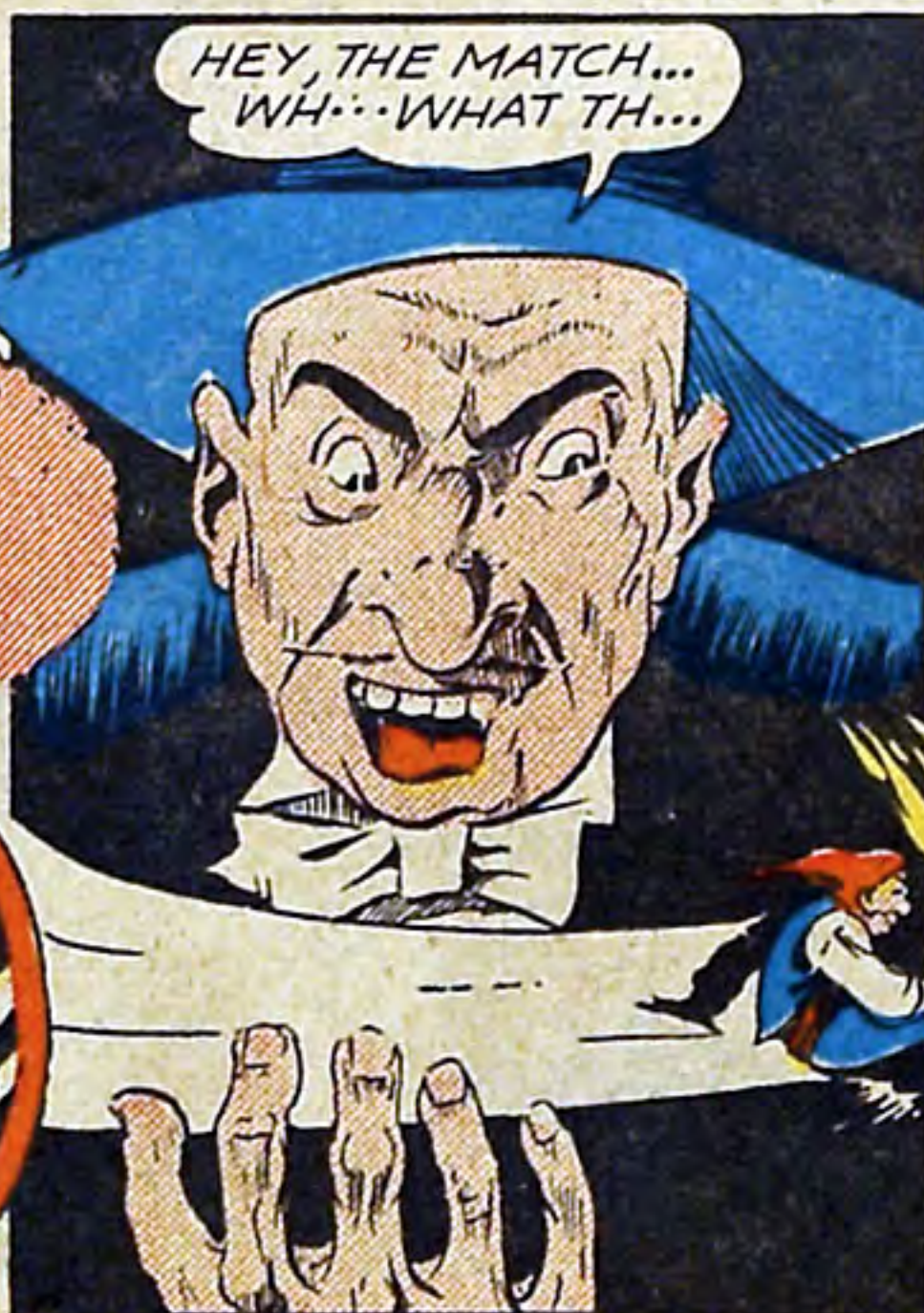


BUT AS THE GANGSTER CHIEF
STRIKES A MATCH, THROUGH THE
WINDOW FLUTTERS A BIRD...



... AND SWIFTLY CHANGES INTO
THE TINY MESSENGER OF KOLAH.

I MUST ACT QUICKLY!
HE'S GOING TO SET
THE OIL ABLAZE.



HEY, THE MATCH...
WH... WHAT TH...



SOON, A SWARM OF BIRDS
MAKE THEIR WAY INSIDE...

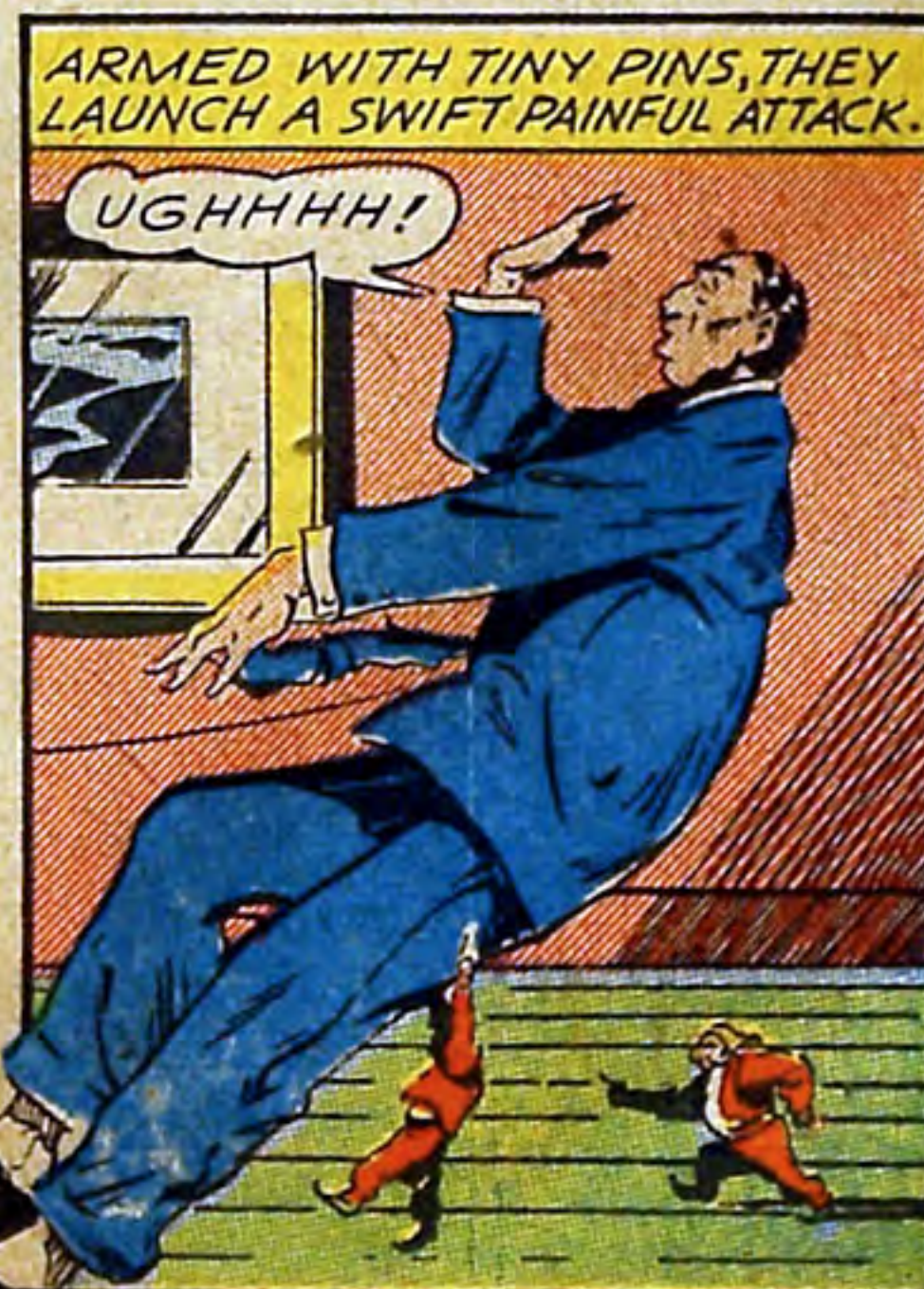
WHAT'S ALL THEM
BIRDS DOING
HERE... SAY...



... AND ONE BY ONE ADOPT
TINY HUMAN SHAPES.



WHY, THEY'RE
LITTLE PEOPLE...
I MUST BE NUTS!



ARMED WITH TINY PINS, THEY
LAUNCH A SWIFT PAINFUL ATTACK.

UGH HHH!



THE ALL WISE
KOLAH SENT US!

NOW WE MUST
MAKE THIS
RICCI TELL
ALL!

HELP! CALL
'EM OFF!
HELP!

NOW TO GET THE
GOVERNOR ON
THE PHONE. WE
CAN STILL SAVE THE
BOY!

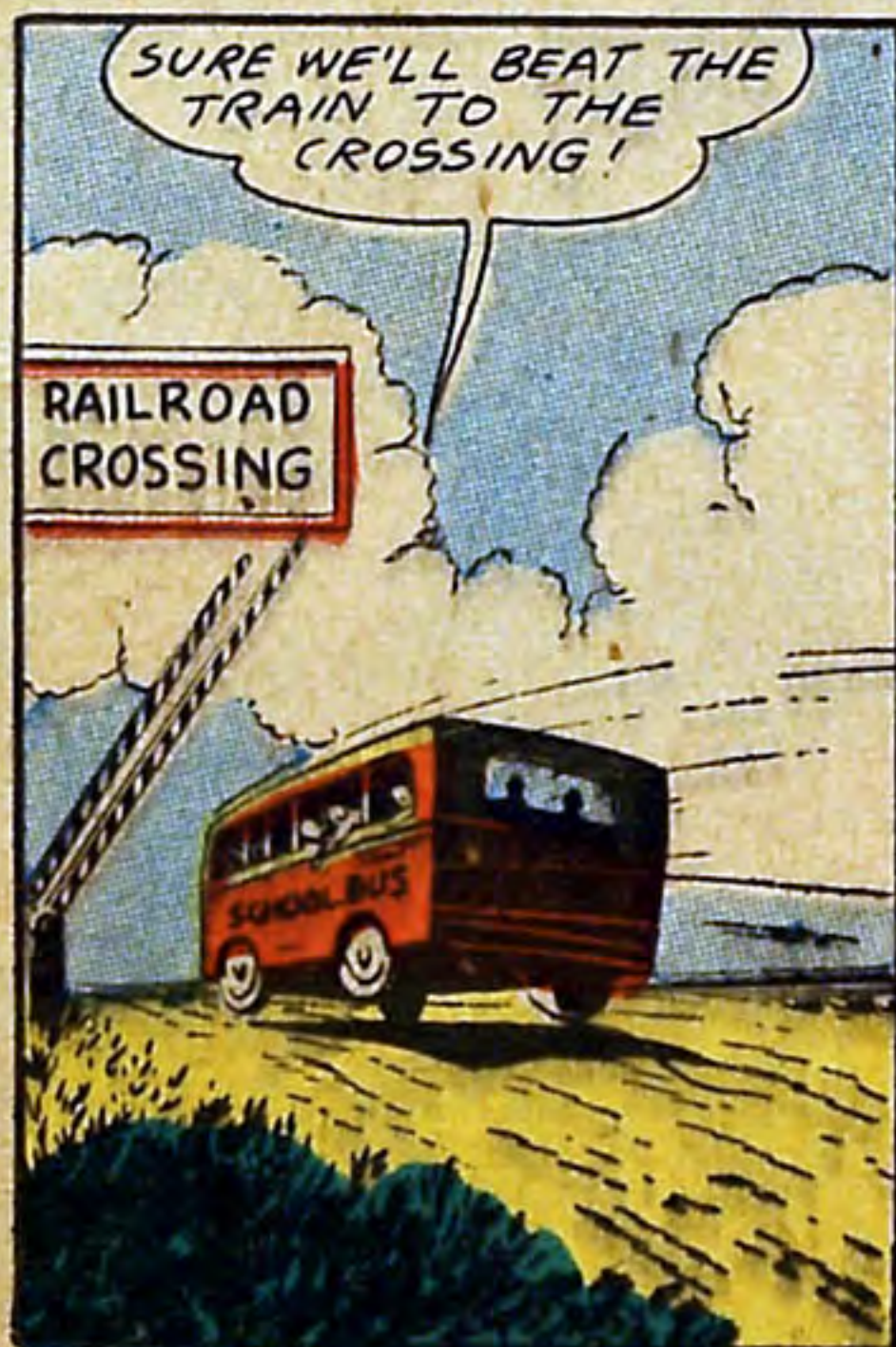
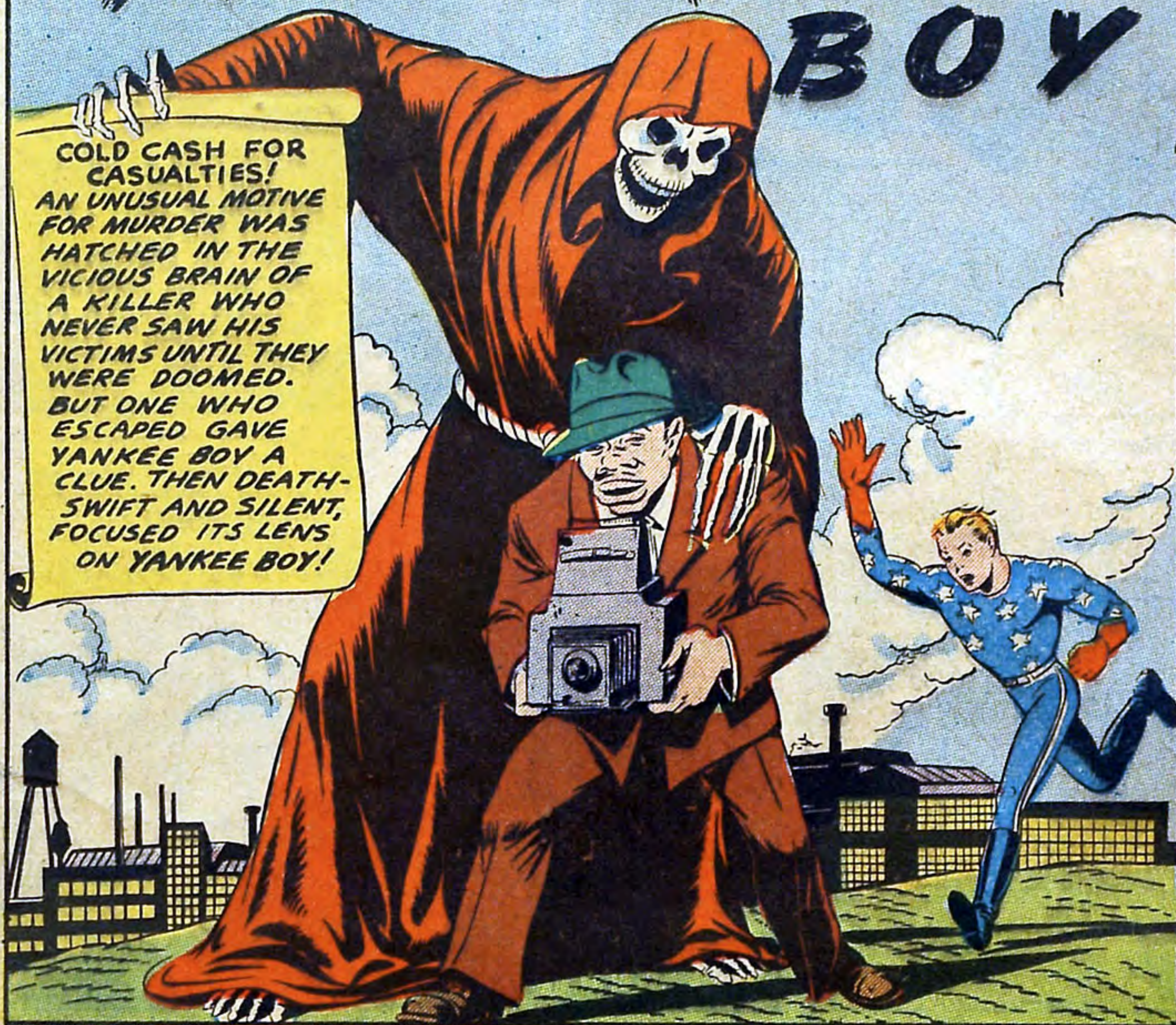
HELLO! GOVERNOR?
MR. "E" TALKING.
HOLD EVERYTHING ON
THE DORRENCE
CASE. I'VE GOT
THE REAL KILLER.
...TALK, RICCI,
TALK!

YEAH, WE PLUGGED THE
GUARD AND COP. A COUPLE
OF BLOCKS AWAY WE
SNATCHED DORRENCE, AND
PUT A BULLET IN HIS LEG
WITH THE COP'S GUN.

New York
The Press **Guardian**
DORRENCE FREED
MR. "E" WIPES OUT
GANG OF BANK
ROBBERS!

BACK IN THE SECRET CHAMBER OF HIS
HOME, MR. "E" GIVES THANKS TO THE
GREAT GOD, "KING KOLAH"

YANKEE BOY





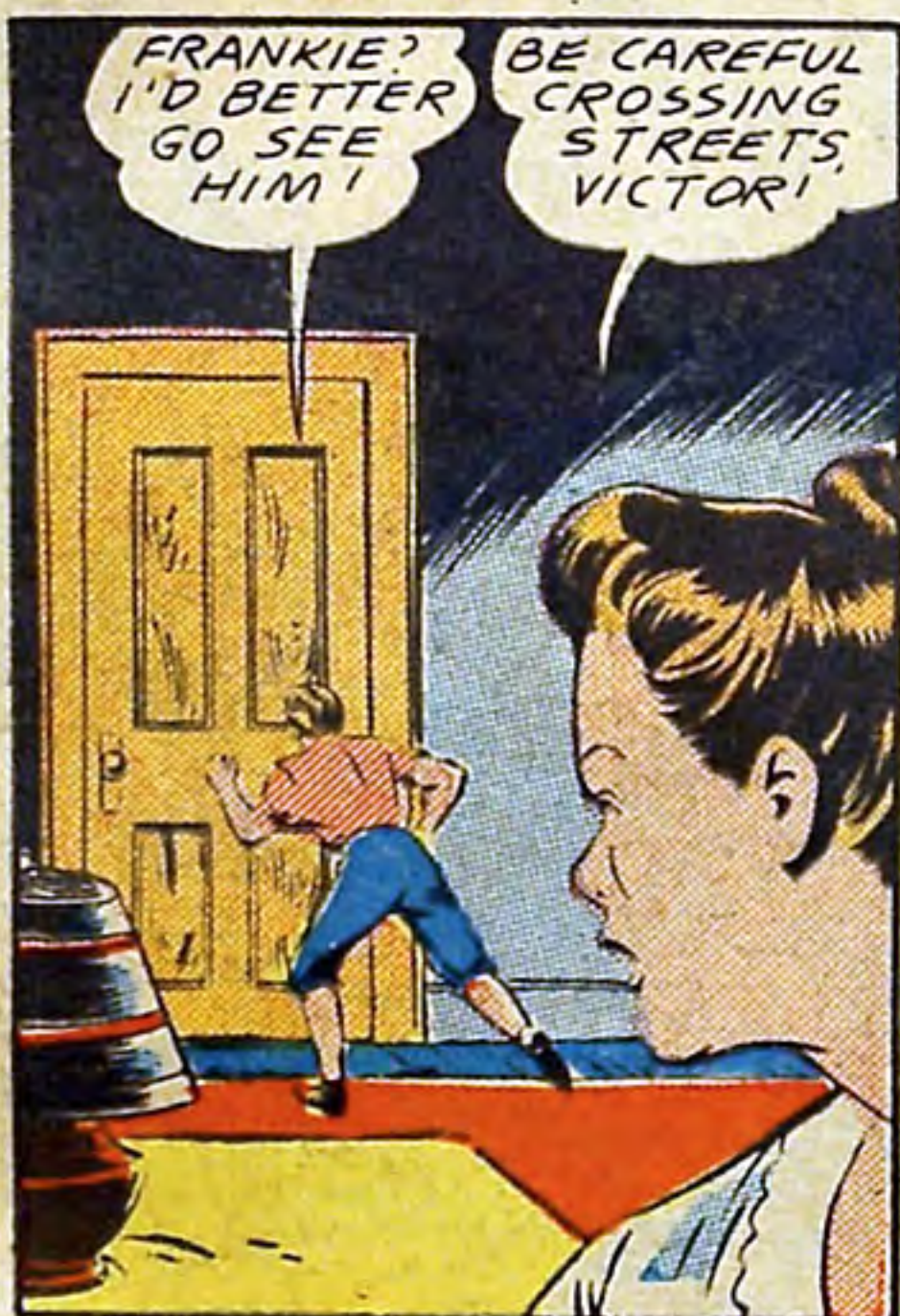
GOON! WE ESCAPED JUST IN TIME!

I DON'T DARE LOOK BACK!



LOOK, MOM! A PICTURE OF THE TRAIN JUST AS IT HIT THE BUS NINETEEN OF MY CLASSMATES WERE KILLED!

THANK HEAVEN YOU WEREN'T IN THAT BUS, VIC. FRANKIE DALE WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL



FRANKIE? I'D BETTER GO SEE HIM!

BE CAREFUL CROSSING STREETS, VICTOR!



GEE, FRANKIE YOU HURT BADLY?

COUPLE OF FRACTURES, BUT LUCKY TO BE ALIVE. COME CLOSER, VIC I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU



I WAS ON THE REAR SEAT AND SAW A MAN WITH A CAMERA DASH TO THE BEHIND AND STEP ON A WIRE DRAGGING BEHIND THE BUS

IF THE WIRE WAS HITCHED TO THE MOTOR-STEP ON A WIRE YEAR! THAT'S WHY IT STALLED!



I'M VERY SORRY BUT FRANKIE CAN'T HAVE ANY VISITORS

S'LONG FRANKIE SEE YOU TOMORROW!

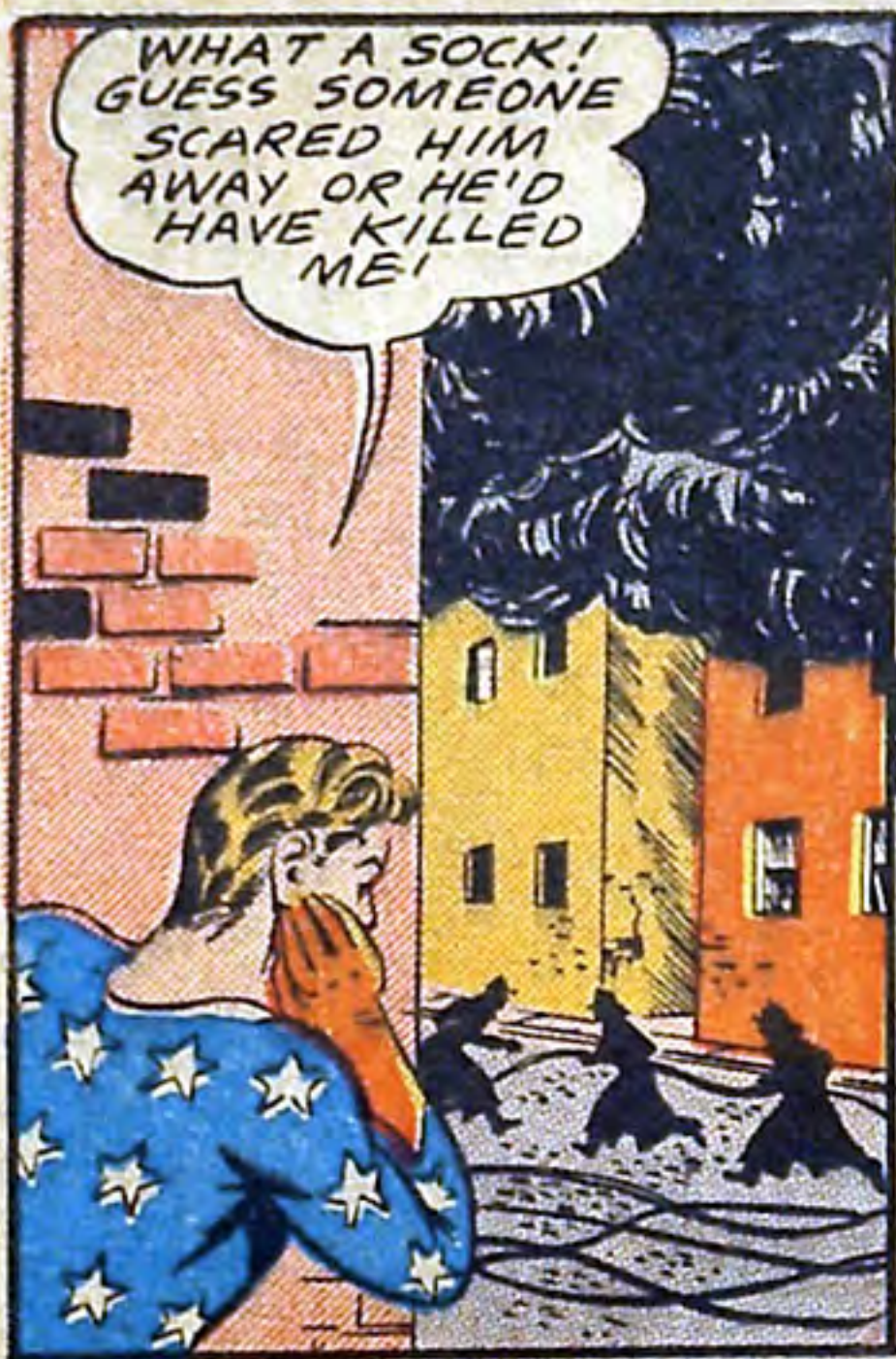


NOBODY WILL FIND MY SCHOOL CLOTHES BEHIND THE HEDGE FRANKIE WOULD BE SURPRISED IF HE KNEW YANKEE BOY IS GOING TO WORK ON THAT TIP!



JEEPERS! WHAT THE DICKENS HAPPENED! A TERRIFIC BLAST ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THAT BUILDING!





WHAT A SOCK!
GUESS SOMEONE
SCARED HIM
AWAY OR HE'D
HAVE KILLED
ME!

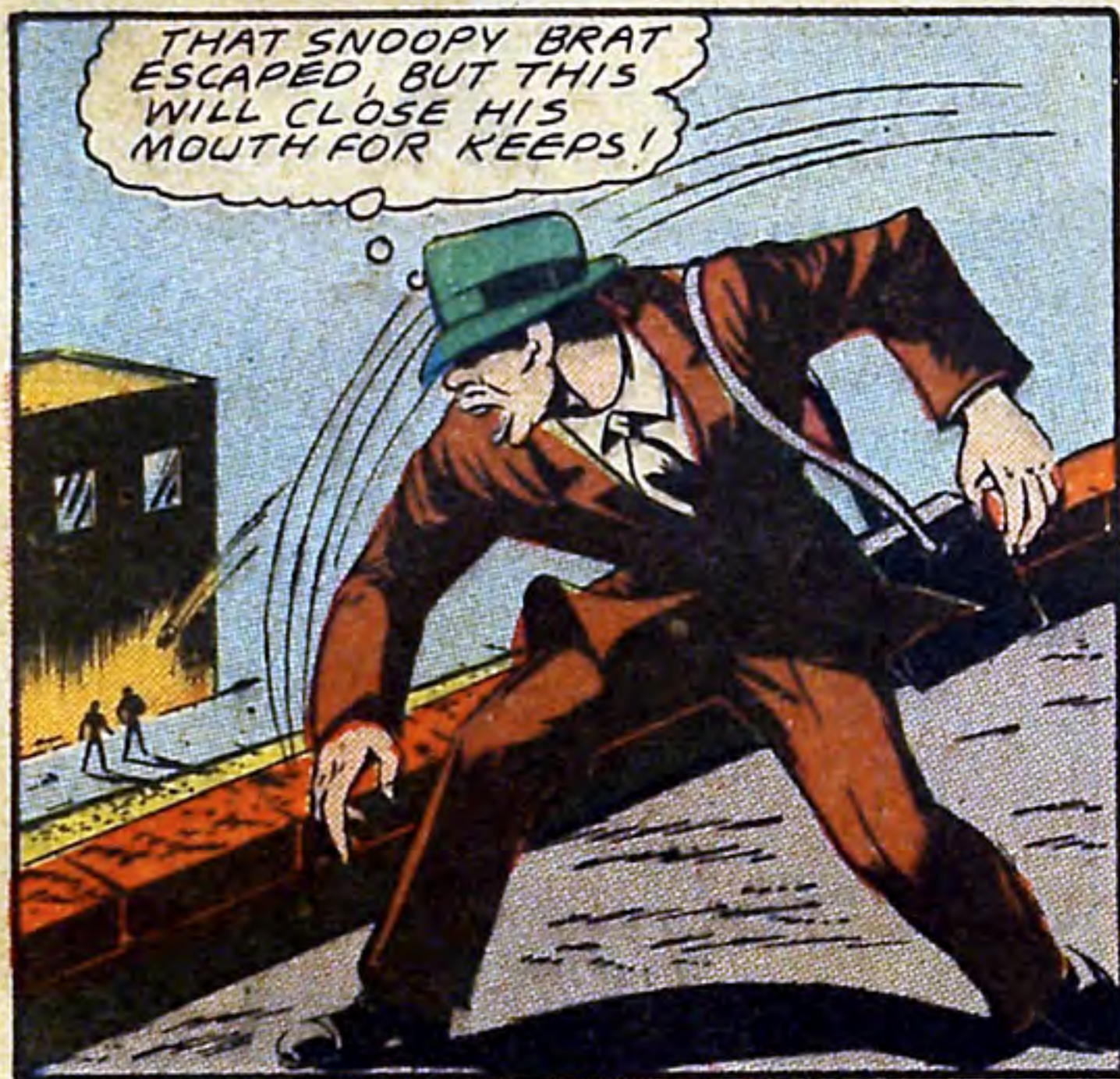


WHEW!
ANOTHER
CLOSE
CALL!

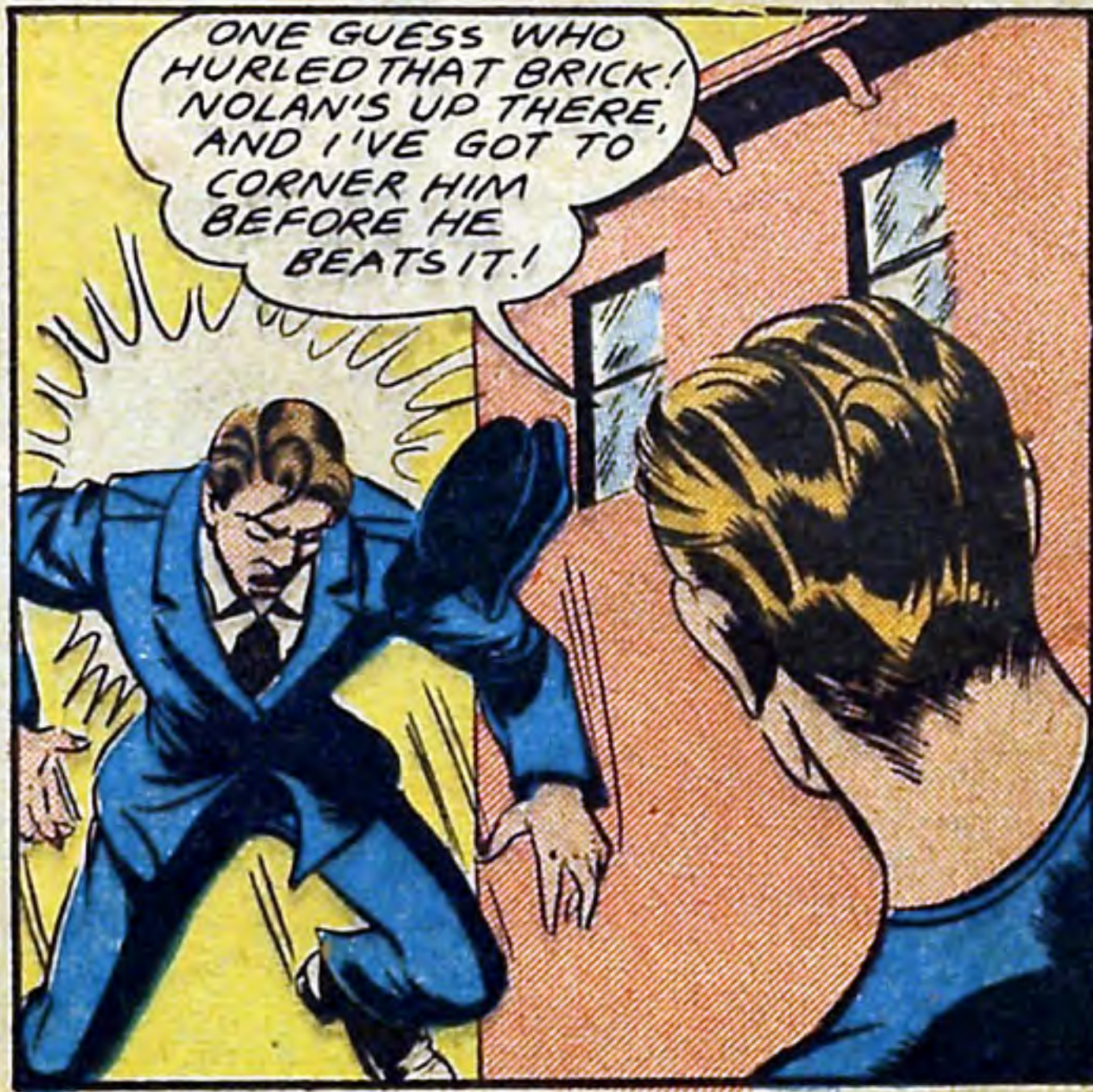


YANKEE BOY!
WHAT THE
DEUCE ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

HIYA, MAC. I'M
TRAILING THE
KILLER WHO
CAUSED THIS
FIRE AND THE
BUS TRAGEDY.
HE'S ZACK NOLAN,
A PHOTOGRAPHER
ON THE NEWS.



THAT SNOOPY BRAT
ESCAPED, BUT THIS
WILL CLOSE HIS
MOUTH FOR KEEPS!



ONE GUESS WHO
HURLED THAT BRICK!
NOLAN'S UP THERE,
AND I'VE GOT TO
CORNER HIM
BEFORE HE
BEATS IT!



I'M AFRAID
THAT BRICK
KILLED MAC.
NOLAN MUST
BE STARK
CRAZY!

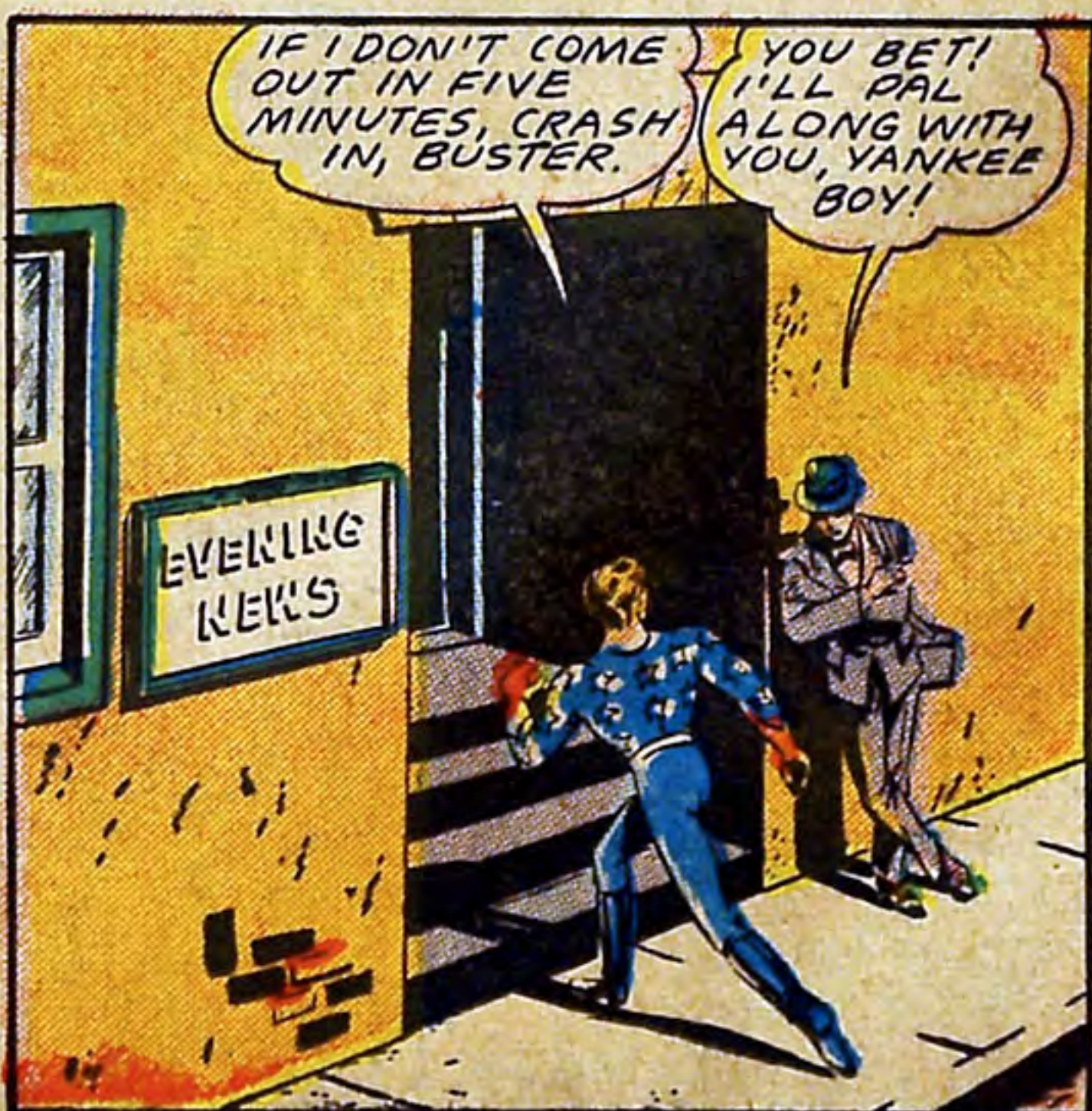
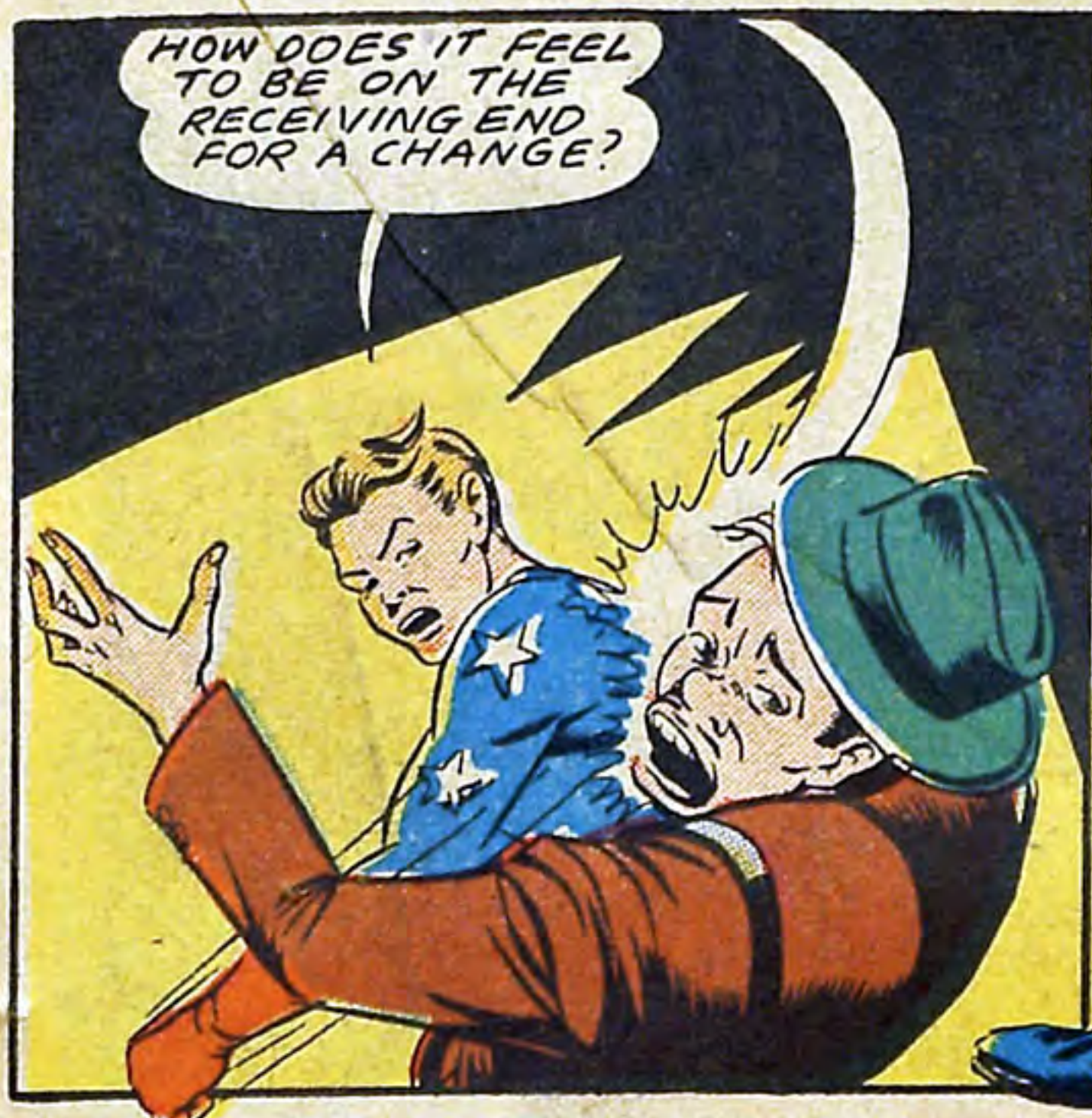


THAT KID ISN'T
GIVIN' ME ANY
MORE TROUBLE.
I'LL FIX HIM
THIS TIME!



COME AND
GET IT, NOLAN.
I'M NOT
AFRAID OF
YOU!

YOU'RE
THE ONE
WHO'S GOIN'
TO GET IT!





ATHOUSAND BUCKS!
I CAN SKIP TO
MEXICO BEFORE
THE COPS JUMP
ON MY TRAIL.



ZACK NOLAN
EXPECTING
YOU? OKAY,
KIDDO. GO
RIGHT IN!

WATCH
ME!



I'M TAKING NO CHANCES
WITH YOU THIS
TIME, NOLAN!

UH? THE
KID!



WHAT'S
THE
IDEA?

NOLAN'S A
SNEAKING
KILLER, THAT'S
WHAT!



NO YOU DON'T!
I WAS EXPECTING
A TRICK LIKE
THAT!

YOU DIRTY LITTLE
EEEOW! MY
WRIST!



I SHOULD HAVE
SUSPECTED IT
WASN'T A
COINCIDENCE
THAT HE WAS
AT THE SCENE
OF THE BUS
TRAGEDY AND
THE FIRE.

HOLD HIM.
I'LL CALL
POLICE
HEADQUARTERS!



YANKEE BOY GAVE ME
A HOT TIP ALL
RIGHT! THIS IS
FRONT PAGE STUFF!

HEY YOU!
SCRAM!
BEAT IT!



GOSH, VIC! A
PICTURE OF YANKEE
BOY KICKING A
GUN FROM A
CROOK'S HAND!
HEY, HE'S THE MAN
WHO STEPPED
BEHIND THE
SCHOOL BUS!

NO
KIDDING?
GEE, I
GUESS THE
POLICE
WILL CALL
YOU AS A
WITNESS!

NEXT DAY

DAN HASTINGS

THE RETURN OF DR. STRANGE.

As Dan and Gloria raced out of the room, they did not hear the agonized screams from Dr. Strange. "I've got to get that bottle," he screeched, as he raised his tortured body to grab the bottle of serum in the cabinet.

The mad scientist's body was quickly wasting away from the acid that spilled on him when Dan Hastings crashed a laboratory instrument against it.

Strange grabbed the bottle, the bottle that turned small bugs into giant creatures. He ripped the cover off and swallowed the potion.

A roaring crash filled the room! As the mist slowly cleared, there, in the center of the room, stood Dr. Strange. His arms had turned to wings, and his teeth protrude like giant tusks. He flapped his right arm. He looked down at it and let out a roaring screech.

Strange looked down and he saw a feathered skeleton for an arm. He flapped it and a sweeping momentum raised him slowly into the air.

"Dan Hastings!" he roared. As the name of his hated enemy resounded through the room, the man's mind began to whirl. He realized he spoke and thought like a human. Before, he had the mind of a devil, but now, he was a devilish creature, both in mind and body.

The remainder of his body was gaunt, but strong. Only his right arm was without skin and muscle

tissues, but well covered with feathers.

"Hastings," he screamed, "I'll seal your doom as you have sealed my body in this ghastly form."

Meanwhile, in the elaborate halls of the Academy of Science, Dan Hastings watched Dr. Carter as he addressed the assembly of prominent scientists. "Gentlemen," Carter said, "with the incriminating evidence handed to us by Dan Hastings, regarding Dr. Strange, we of the Academy resolve to forever strike his name from the records of science."

"Even Dr. Strange's acid gun, now displayed before us," he continued, "shall be changed in name. This mighty weapon that has strengthened our armed forces shall be called the X gun, instead of Dr. Strange's anti-metal gun. All in favor say 'aye'."

Suddenly, across the room belled a ghastly voice. "The first to say 'aye' dies!"

The terrified scientists looked up towards the empty balcony from where the voice came and saw a giant bug beast with human resemblances.

Dan Hastings quickly steadied his nerves and a challenging yell came from him. "What savage or beast are you?"

"I'm Dr. Strange," roared the beast, "and now you shall all be witnesses to each other's death. I've barred the doors. None can escape."

The terrified scientists slowly retreated. Incoherent mumblings

came from their lips. "Incredible!"

"Incredible!" roared the beast. "Now you will see Dr. Carter die." With a savage leap, the beast man dove from the balcony towards Dr. Carter.

Dan Hastings charged from his place to battle the beast. Dan lashed out blow after blow. Strange staggered back and then brought his mighty wing down on Dan's head.

A vitriolic cry came from the mouth of the beast. "Hastings, I planned to kill you last, but now I must finish you first."

He charged forward, his deadly tusklike teeth were almost upon the dazed Hastings, when Dan whirled and slid away. Swiftly the beast rolled over and seized him with its feathered arms. Dan braced his knees in the pit of the creature's stomach and kicked hard, sending it flying into the air.

Dazed and groggy, Dan rose to his feet, as the beast prepared for a final lunge. Hastings reached out, grabbed the acid gun, and fired directly at the beast's head.

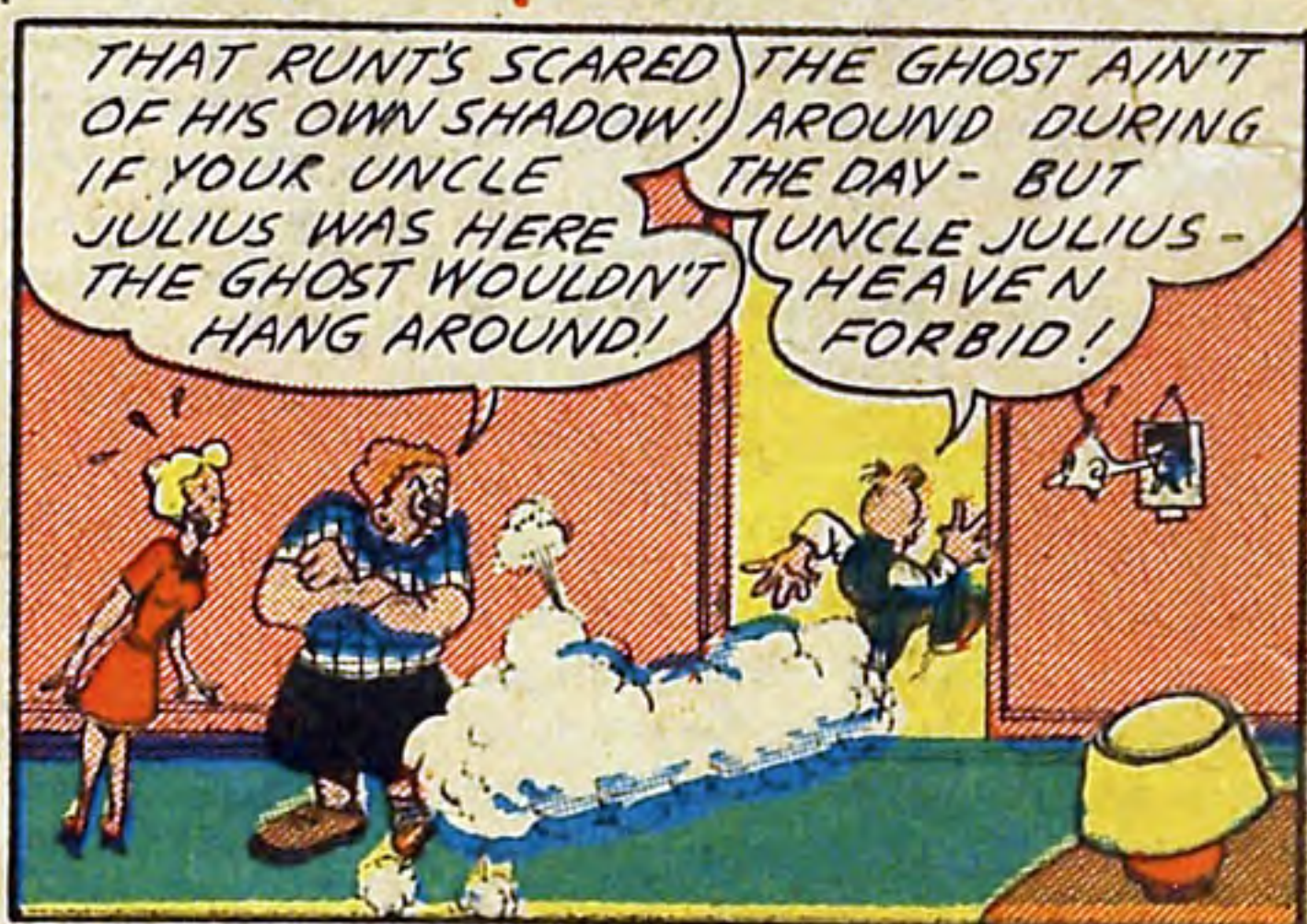
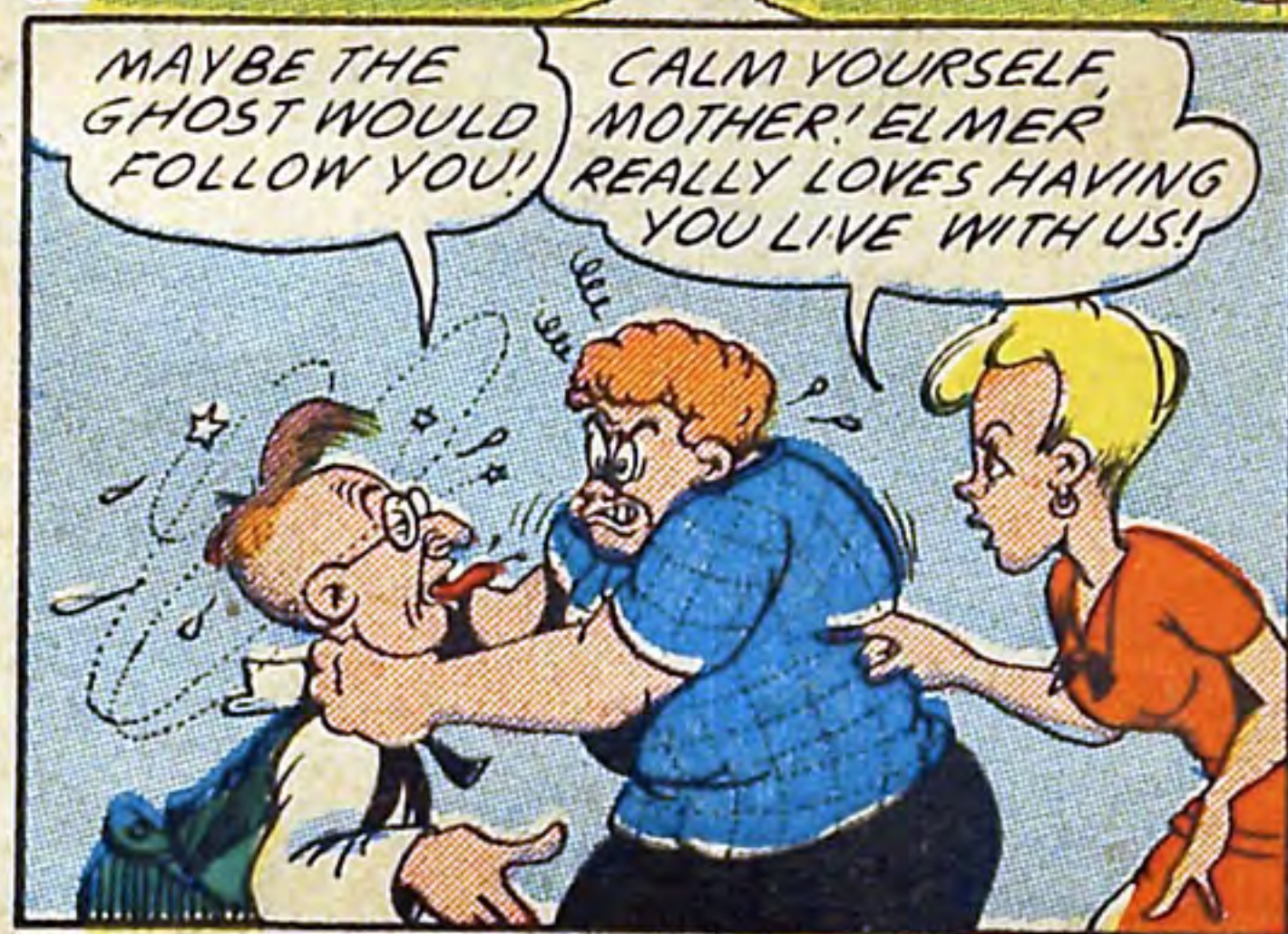
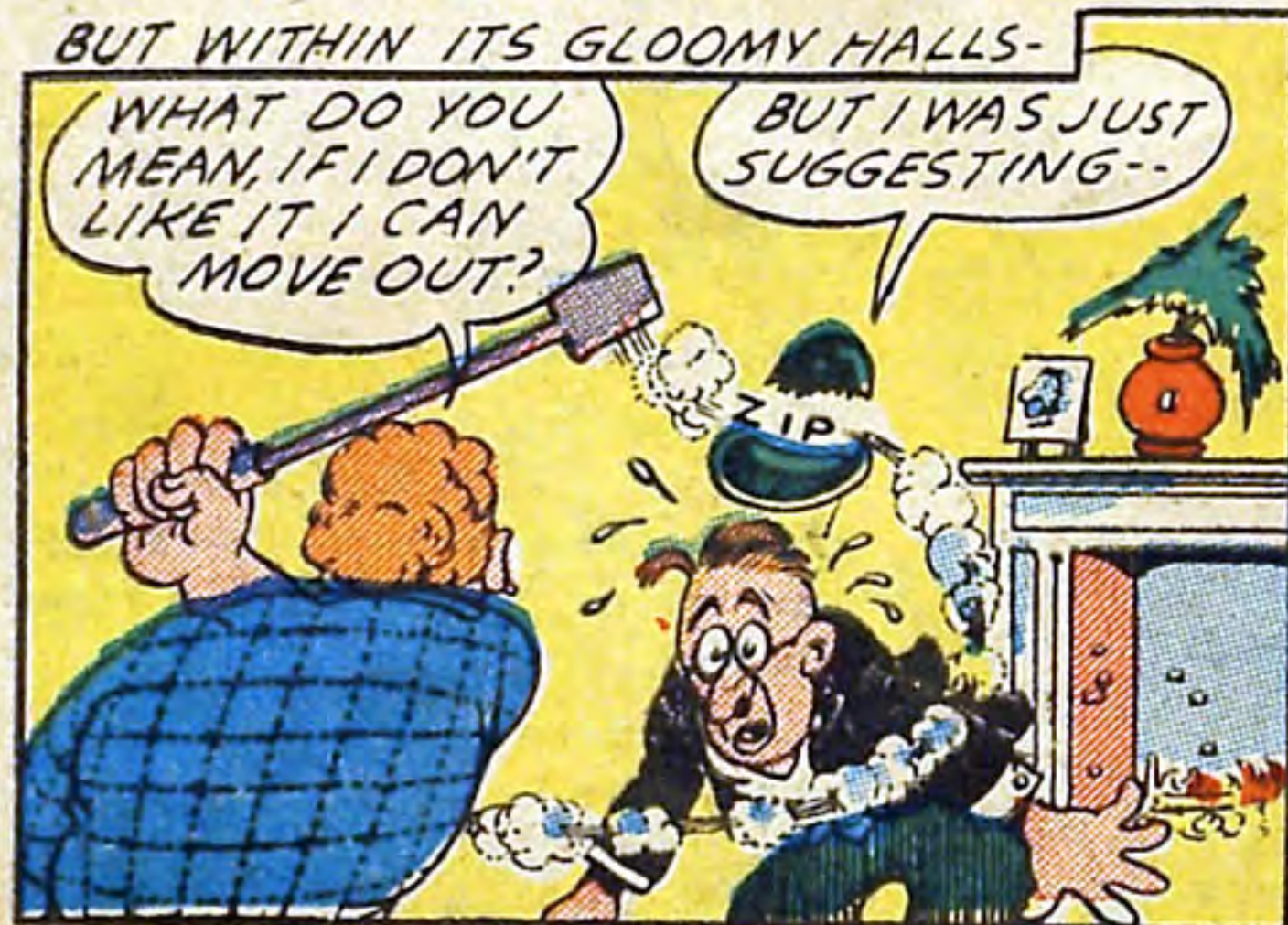
An agonizing wail filled the room and the beast fell dead on the platform.

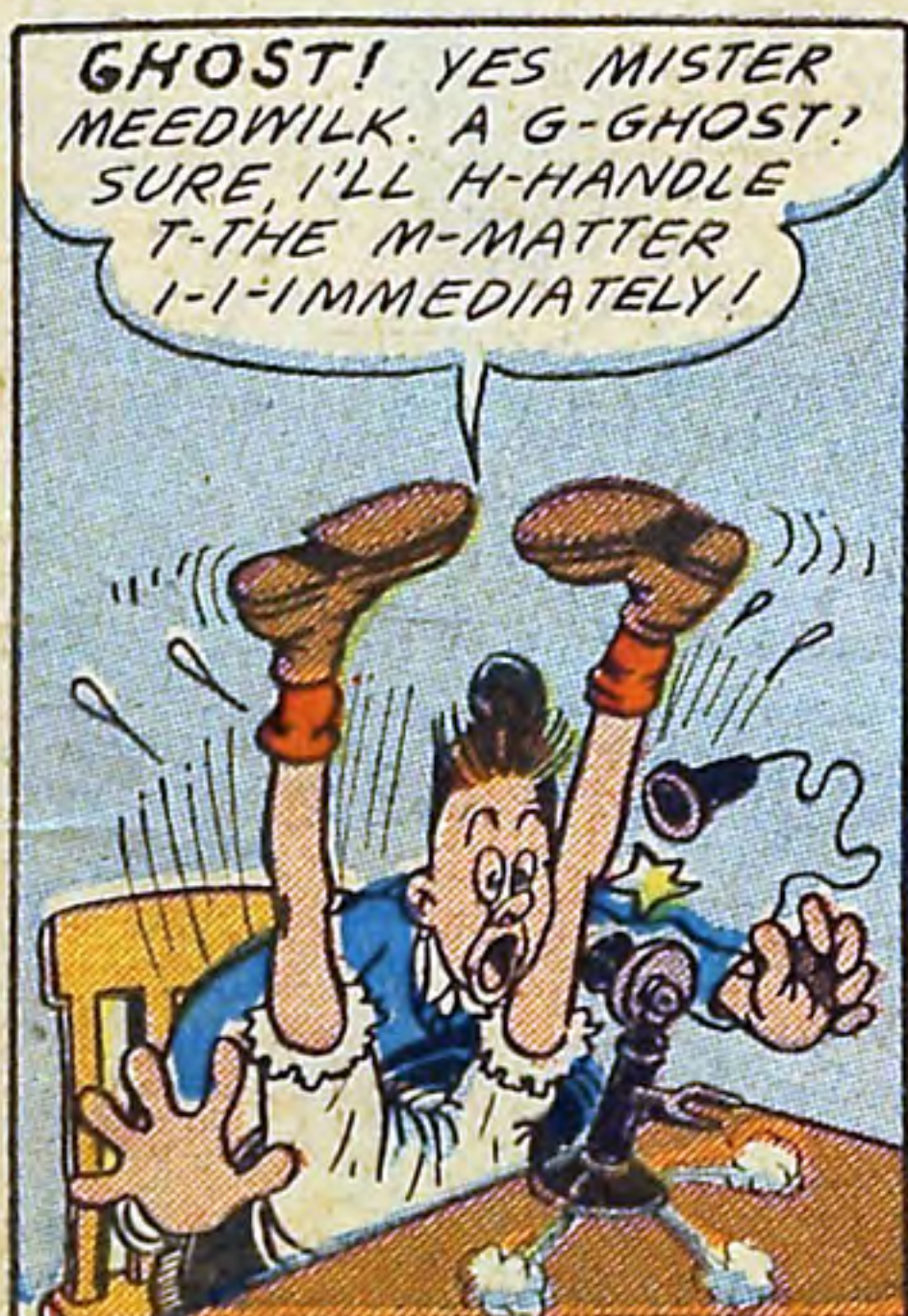
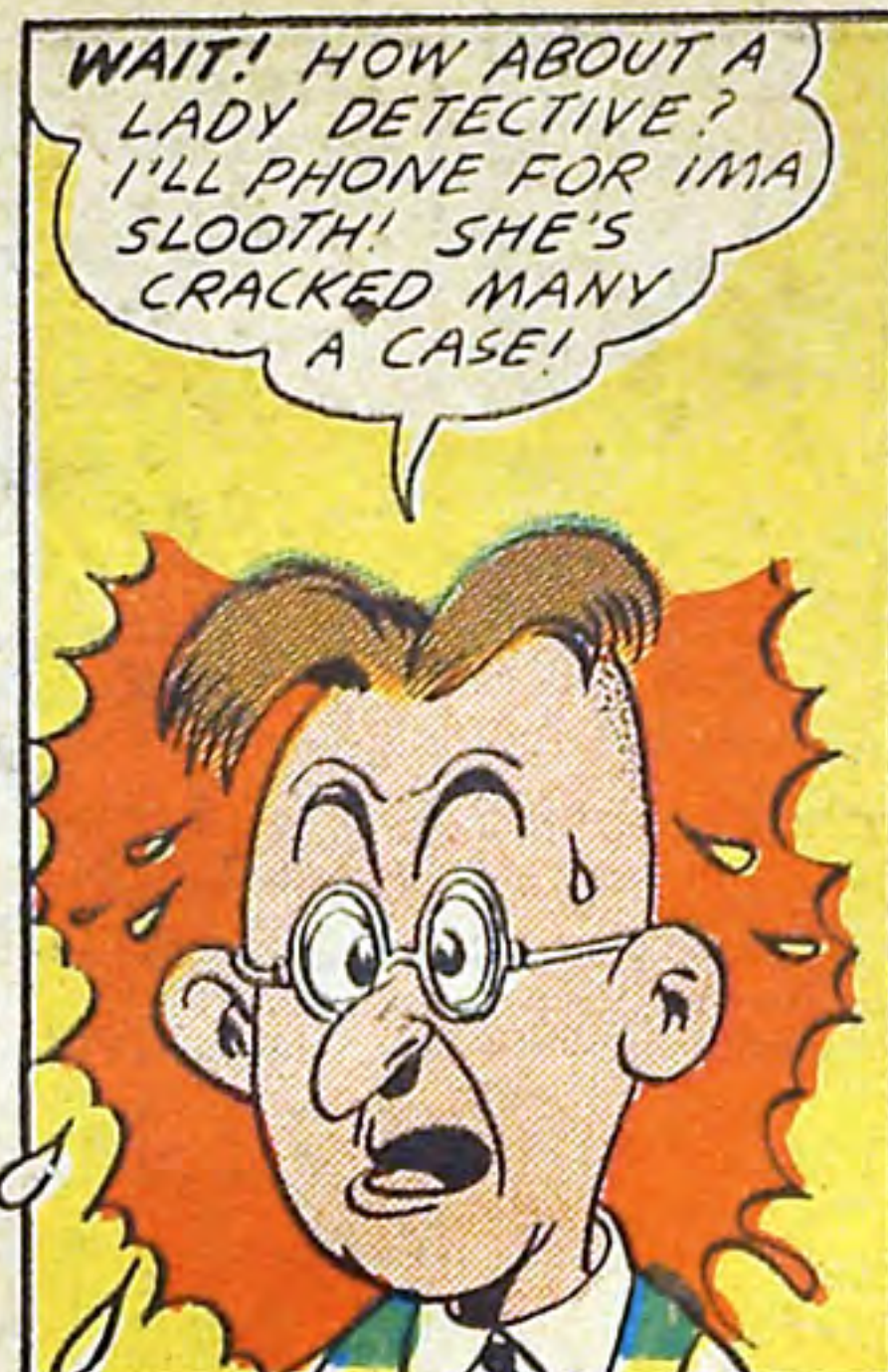
Dr. Carter rushed to Dan's side. "Are you all right?" he asked nervously.

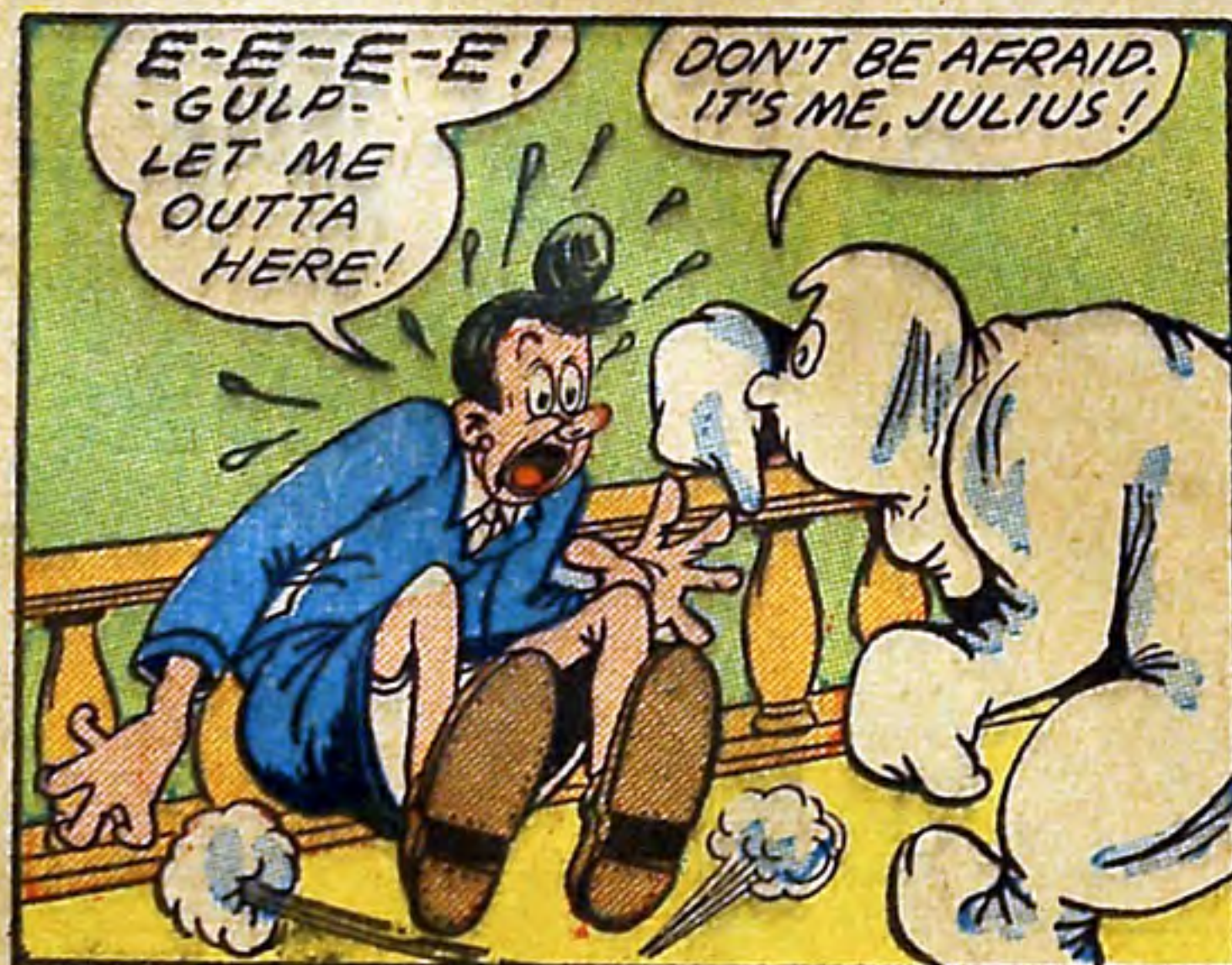
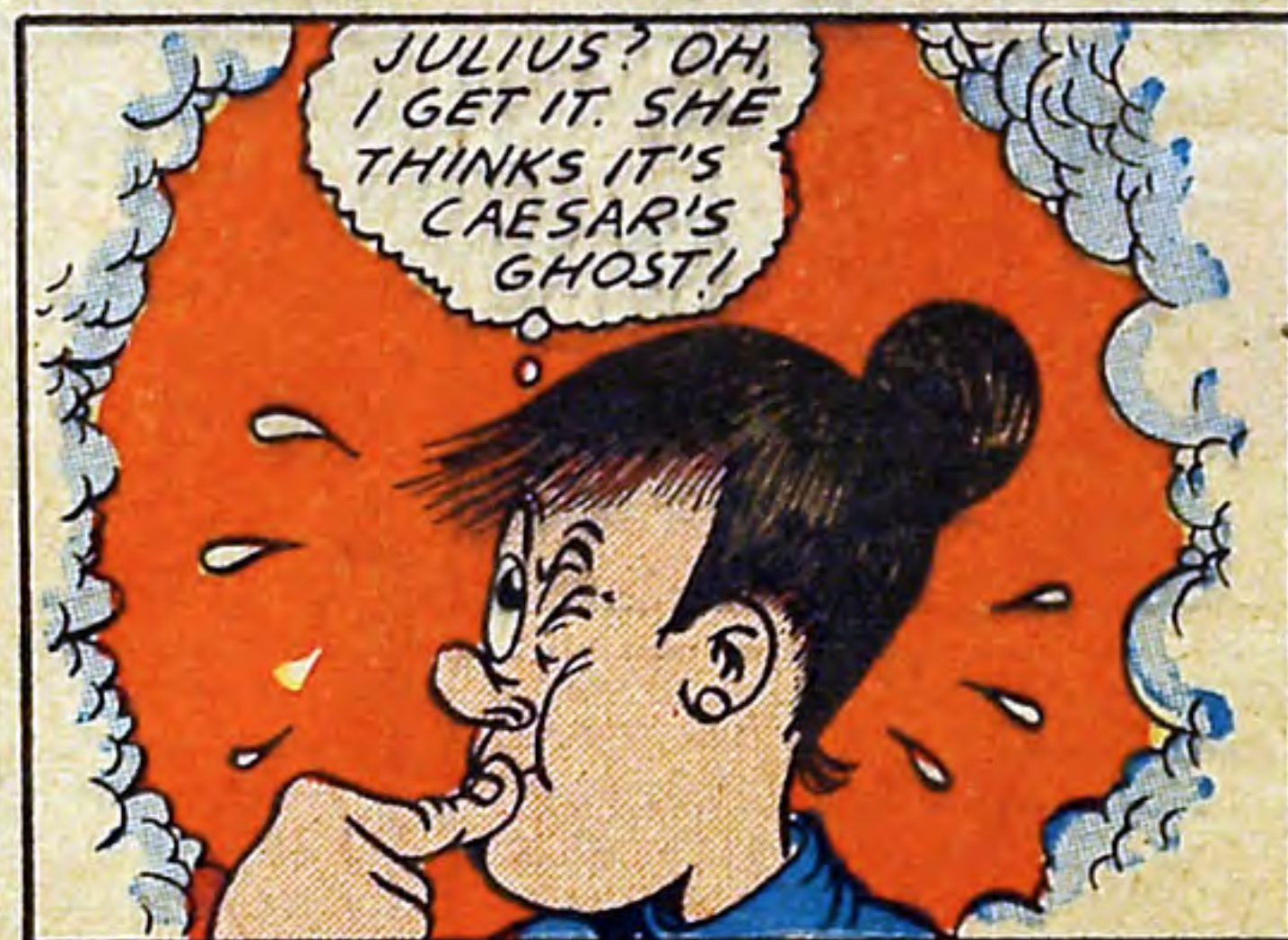
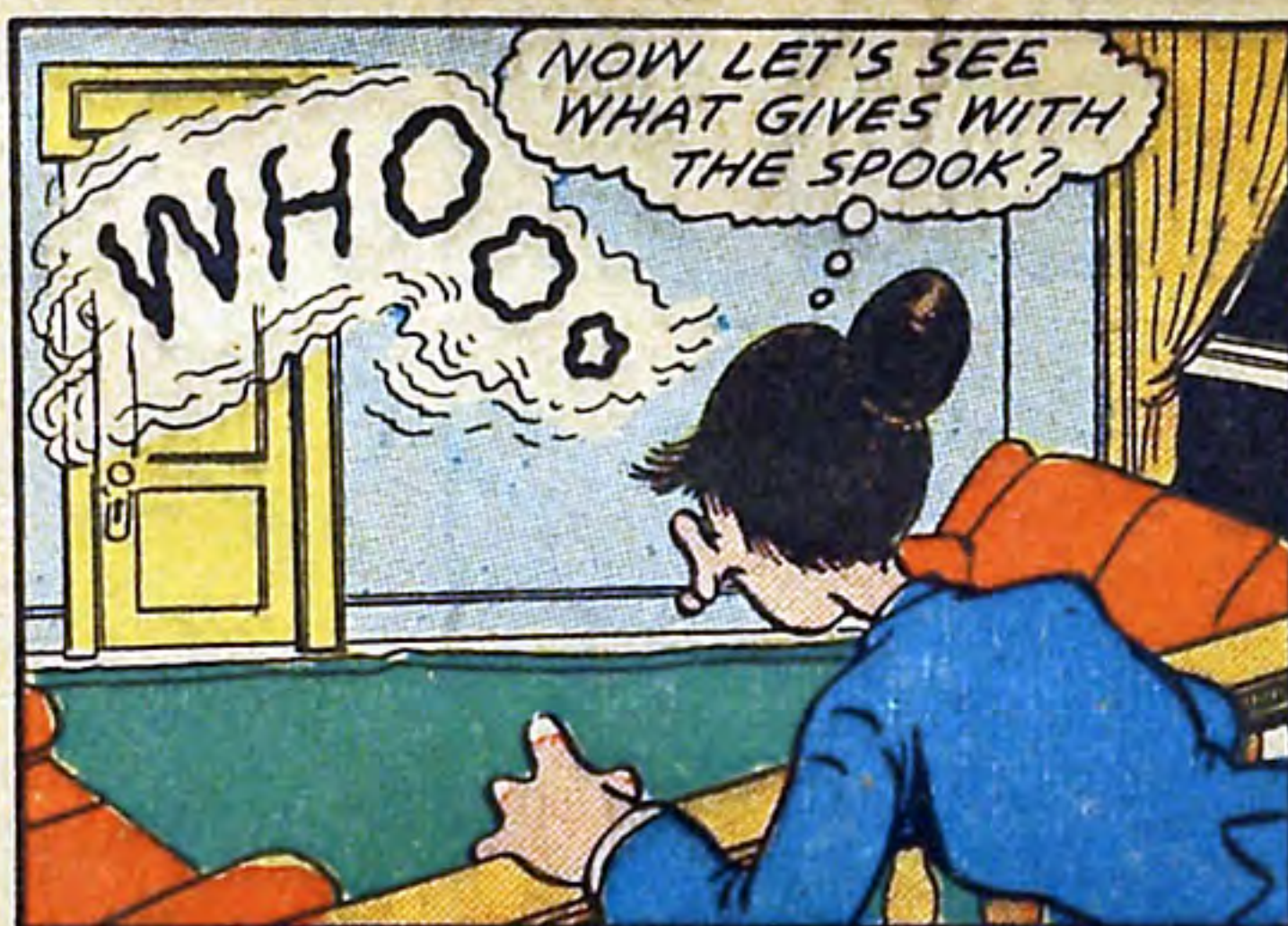
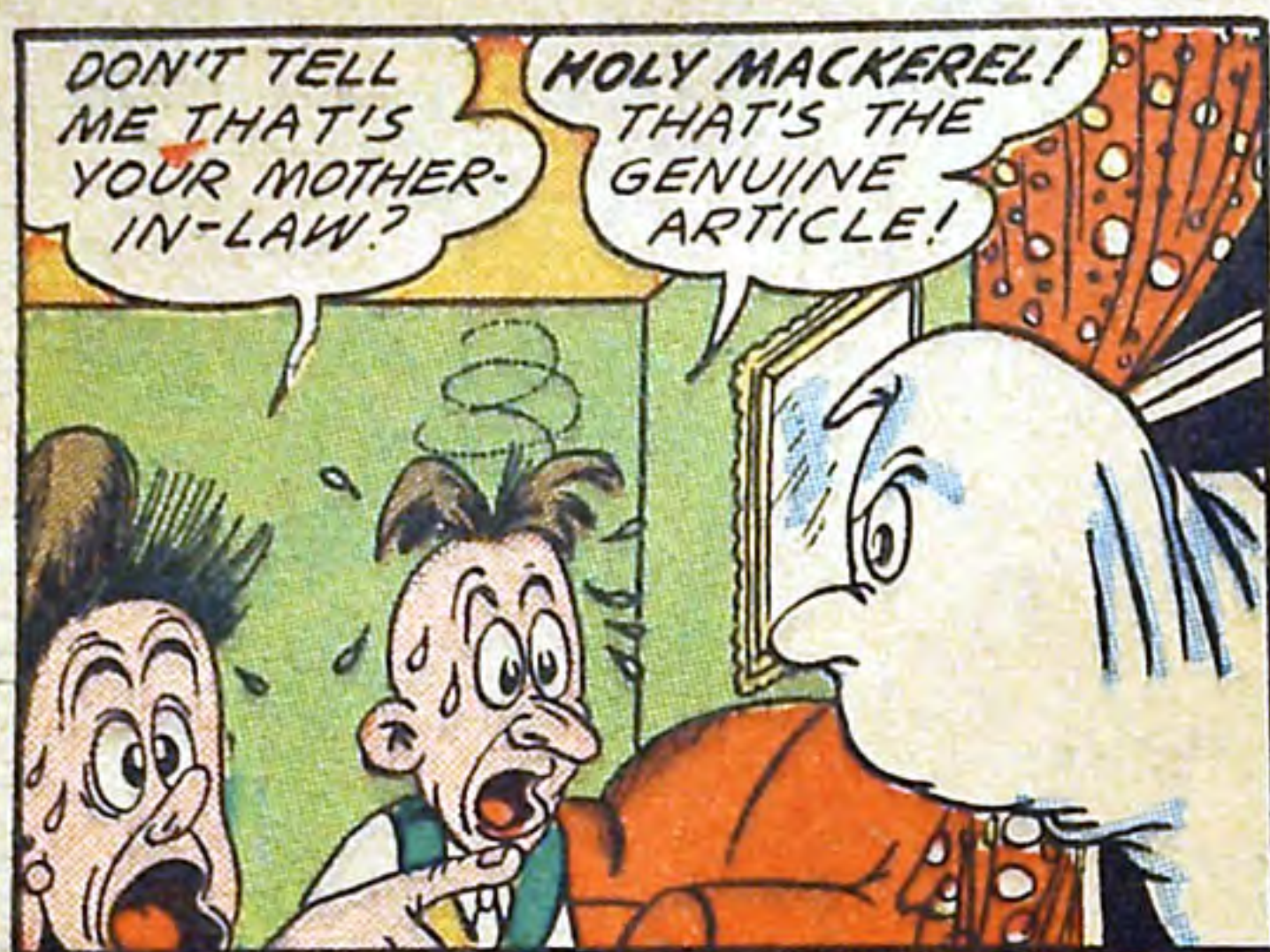
"Yes," answered Dan, as a cynical grin curled up in the corner of his mouth, "but it took the devil's own weapon to destroy him forever."

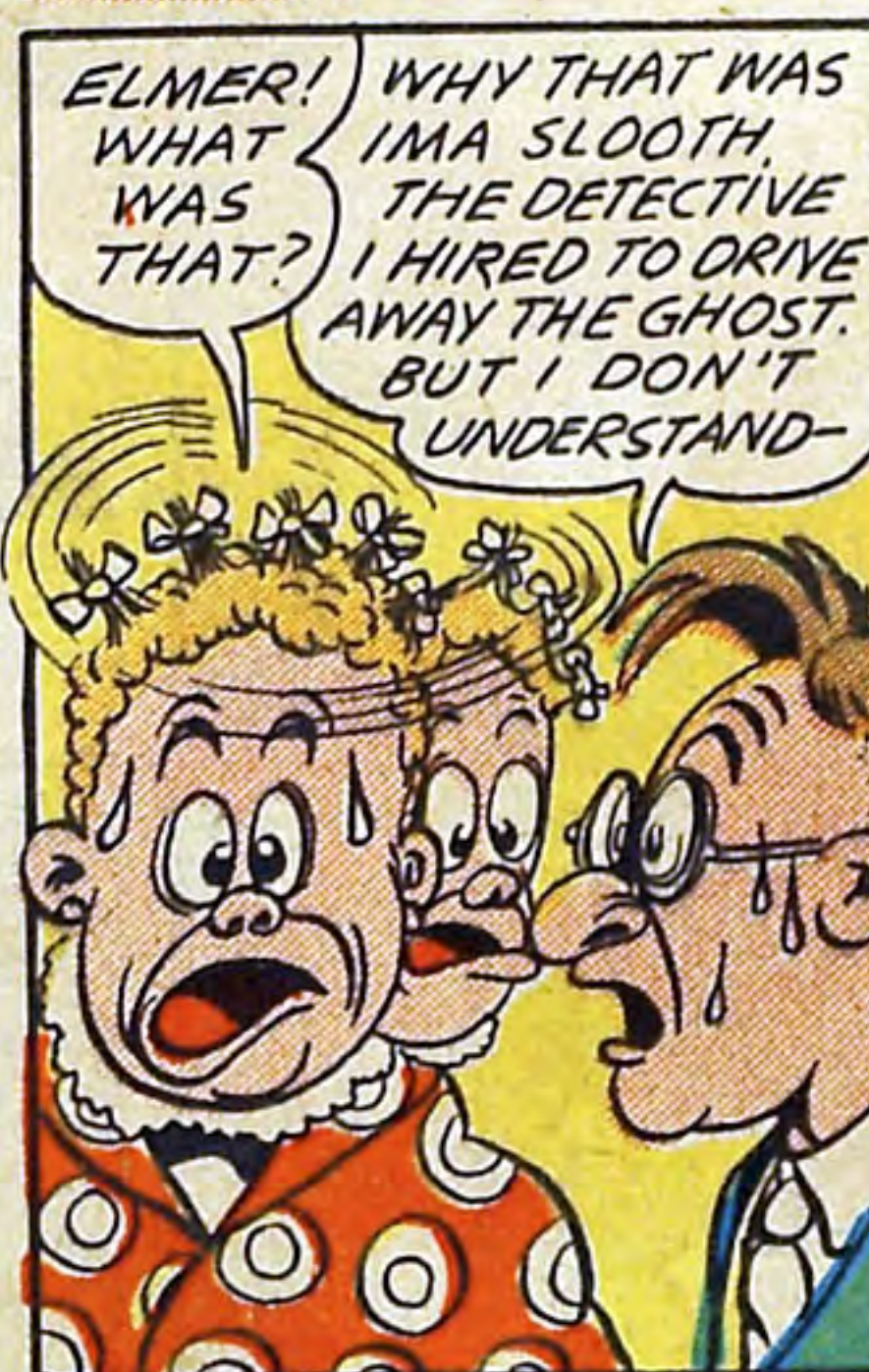
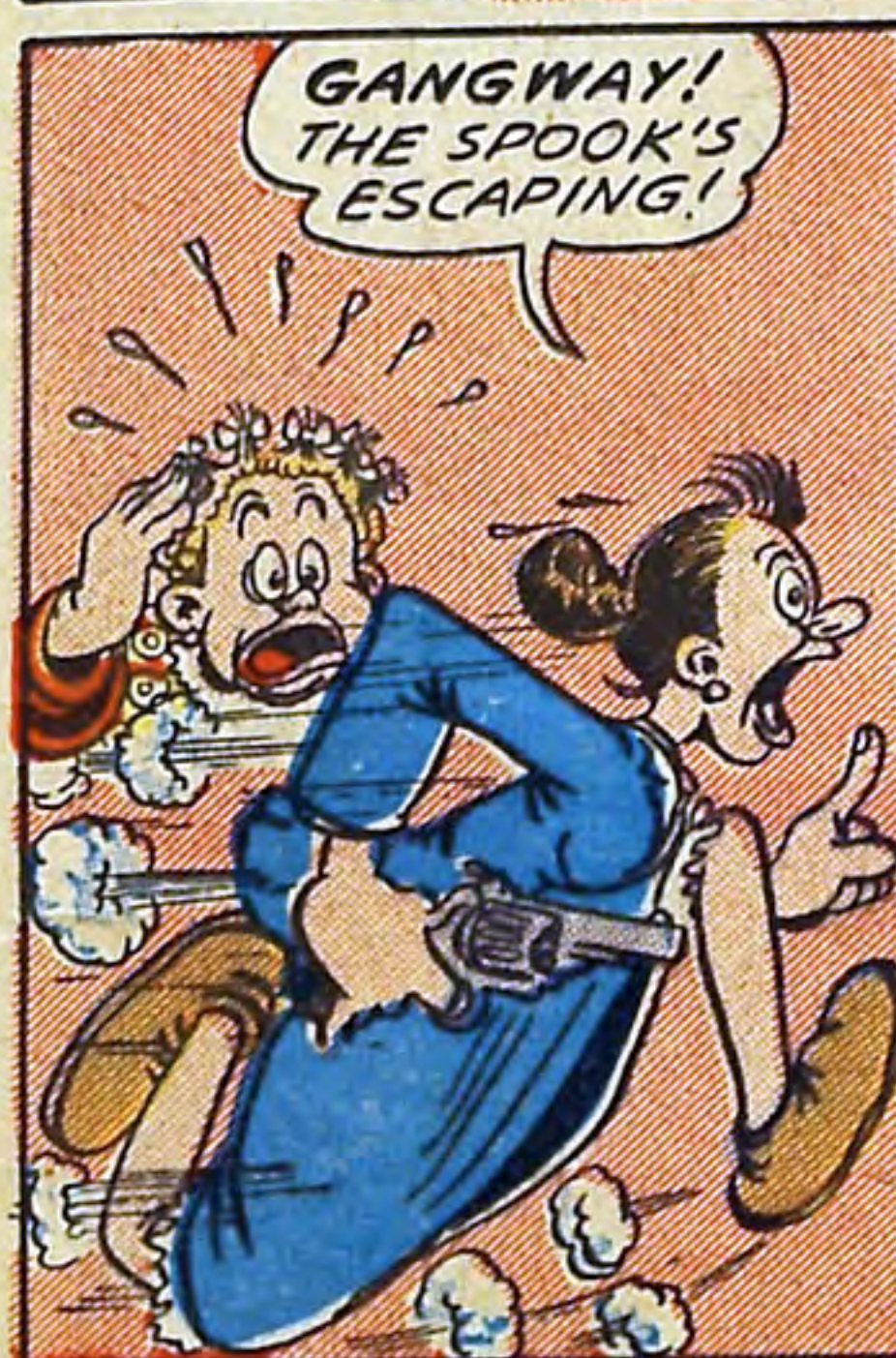


MIDNIGHT AT MILKWEED MANSION AND ALL IS PEACEFUL OUTSIDE...









D HASTINGS N

MAN IN HIS NEVER ENDING SEARCH FOR NEW CONQUESTS HAS MADE HIS WORLD THE UNIVERSE. HUGE SPACE SHIPS PLY BETWEEN PLANETS, BUT GREED AND CRIME STILL SABOTAGE DREAMS OF A PERFECT CIVILIZATION.

DAN HASTINGS
INTERPID LONE
WOLF OF THE
INTER STELLAR
POLICE

DR. CARTER
SCIENTIST,
BUILDER OF
SPACE SHIPS

GLORIA CARTER
DAN'S
SWEETHEART

BOB CARTER
VICTIM OF A
WEIRD PLOT

MAX GUDDY
WARDEN OF
THE EARTH'S
PRISON

THAT'S THE LAST OF THE RADIUM BULLION, WARDEN GUDDY. THE SHIP IS READY FOR THE TRIP TO MERCURY. ANY LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS?

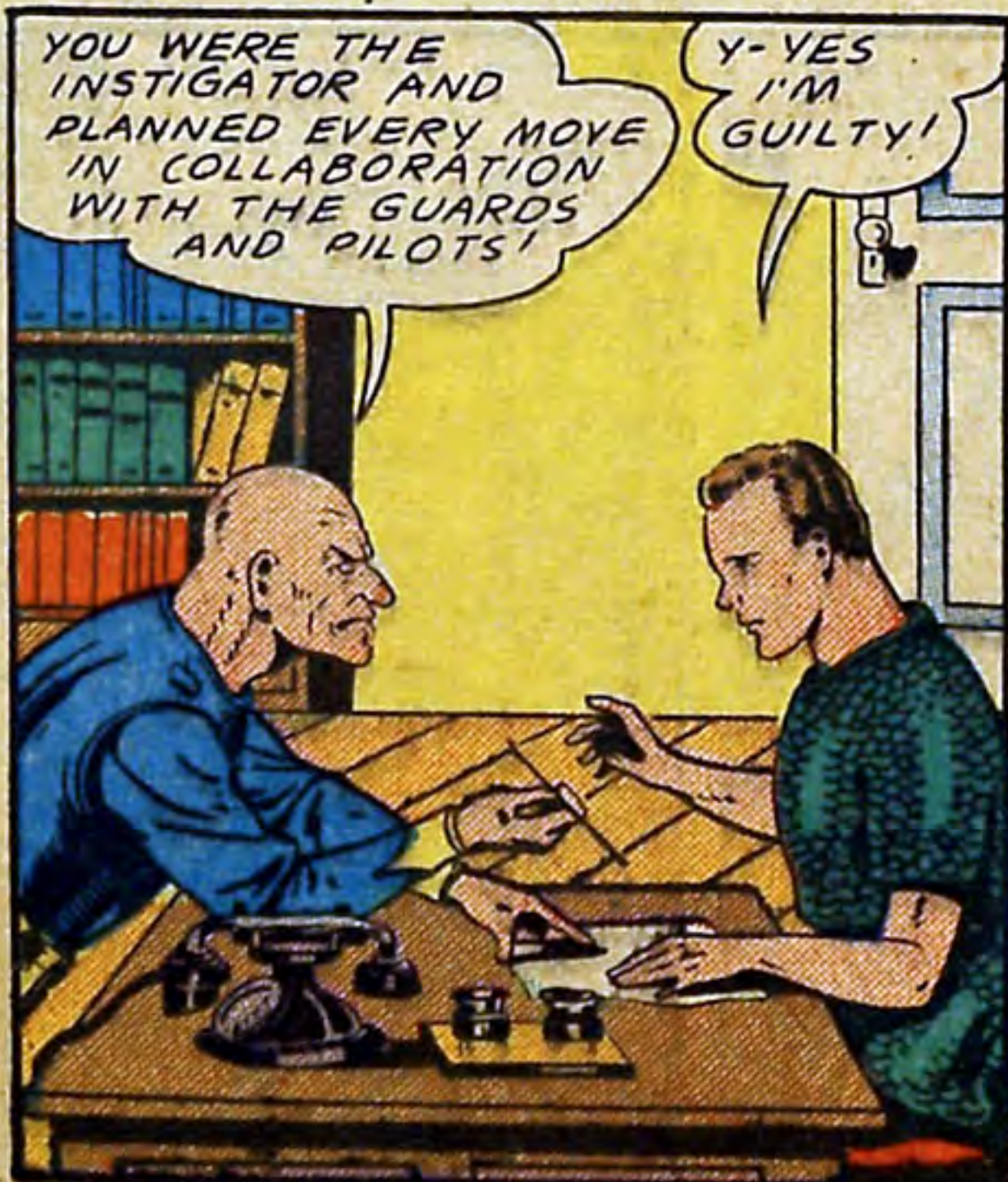
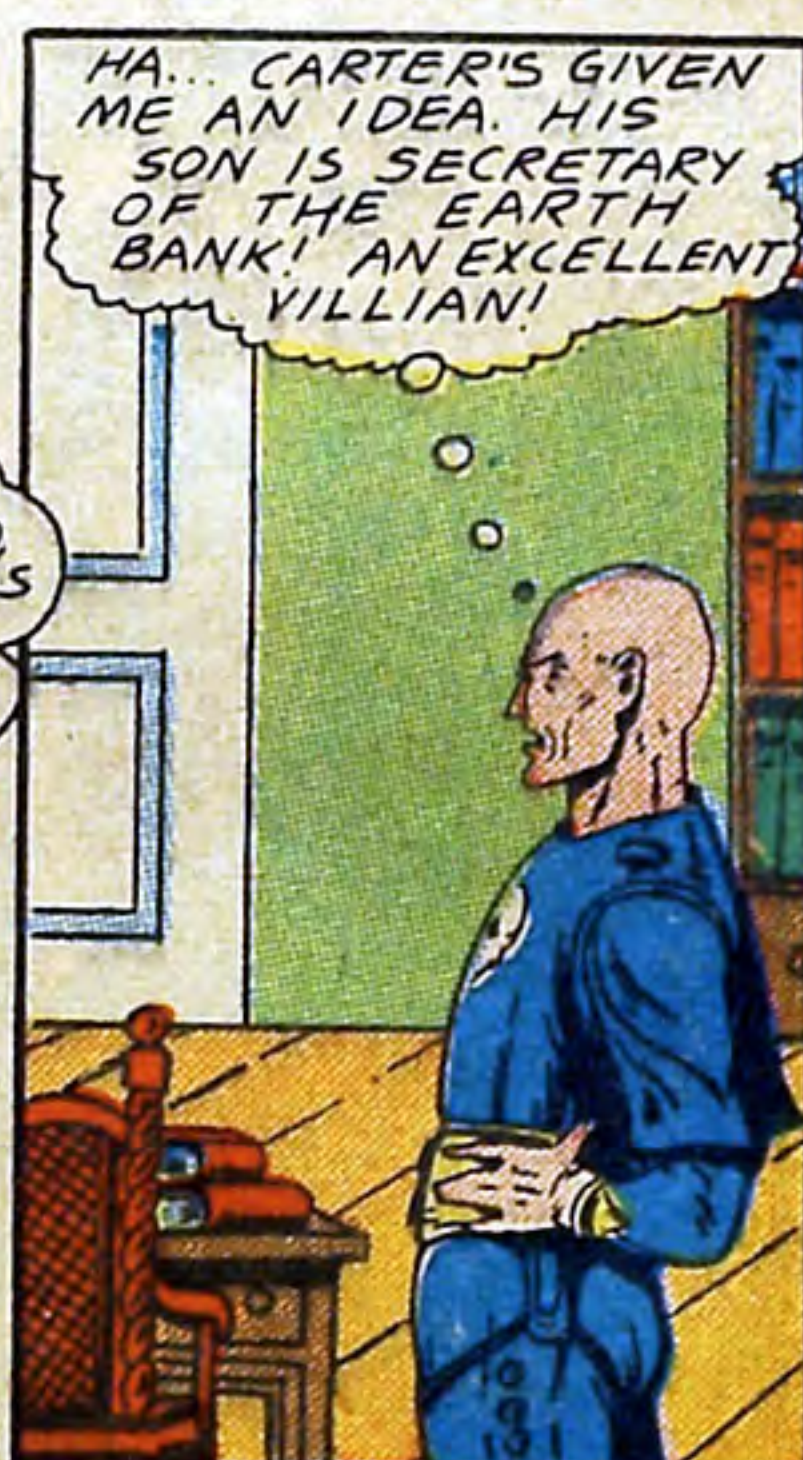
YES. COME TO MY OFFICE.

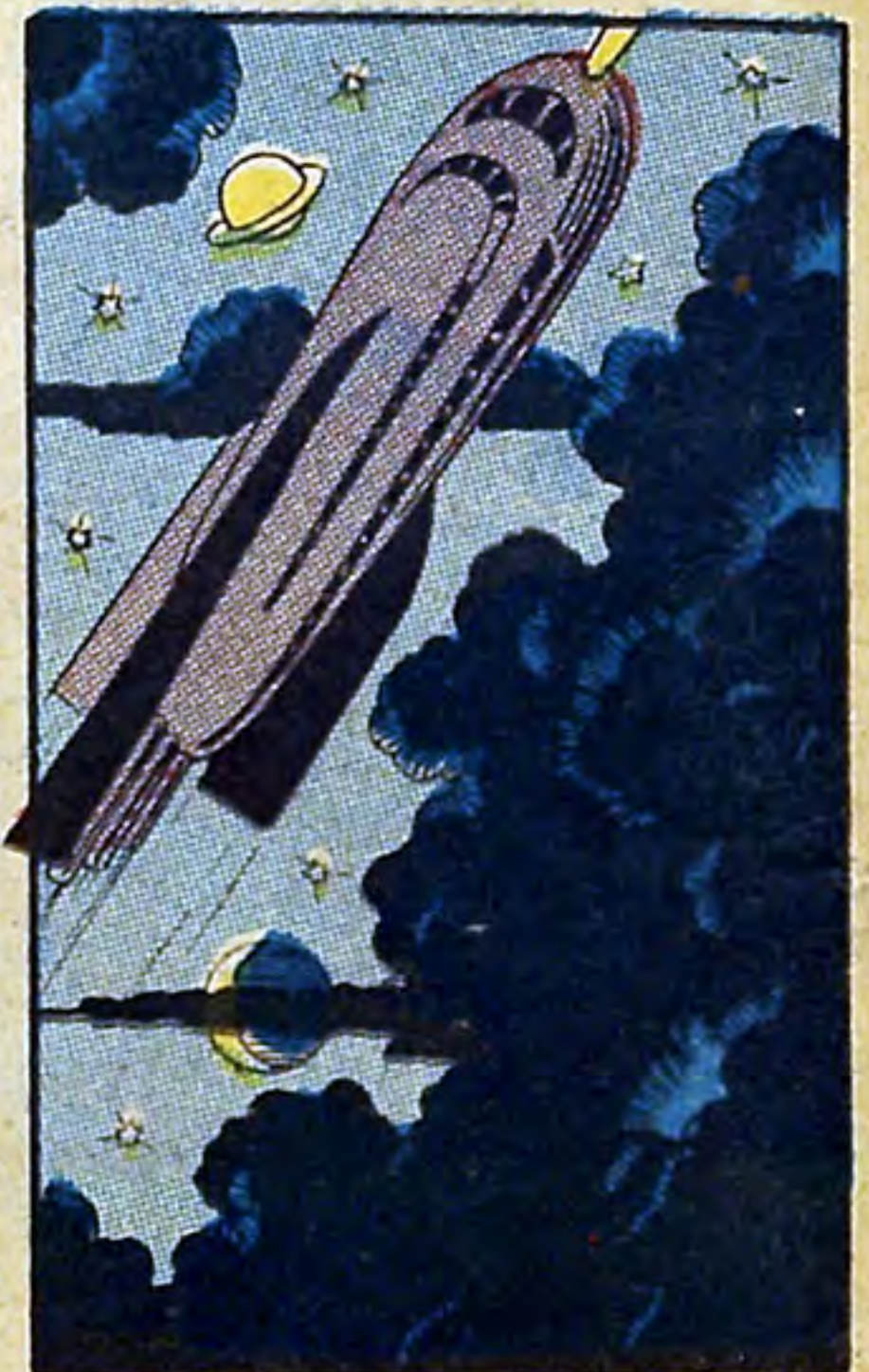
MAKE A SPECIAL MENTAL NOTE OF THIS LOCATION, PILOT.

YES, SIR. I HAVE IT EXACTLY IN MIND NOW.

YOU WILL CRASH AT THAT POINT AND WILL NOT KNOW WHY YOU DO IT!

MY... MY HEAD! YES, I WILL CRASH THERE!



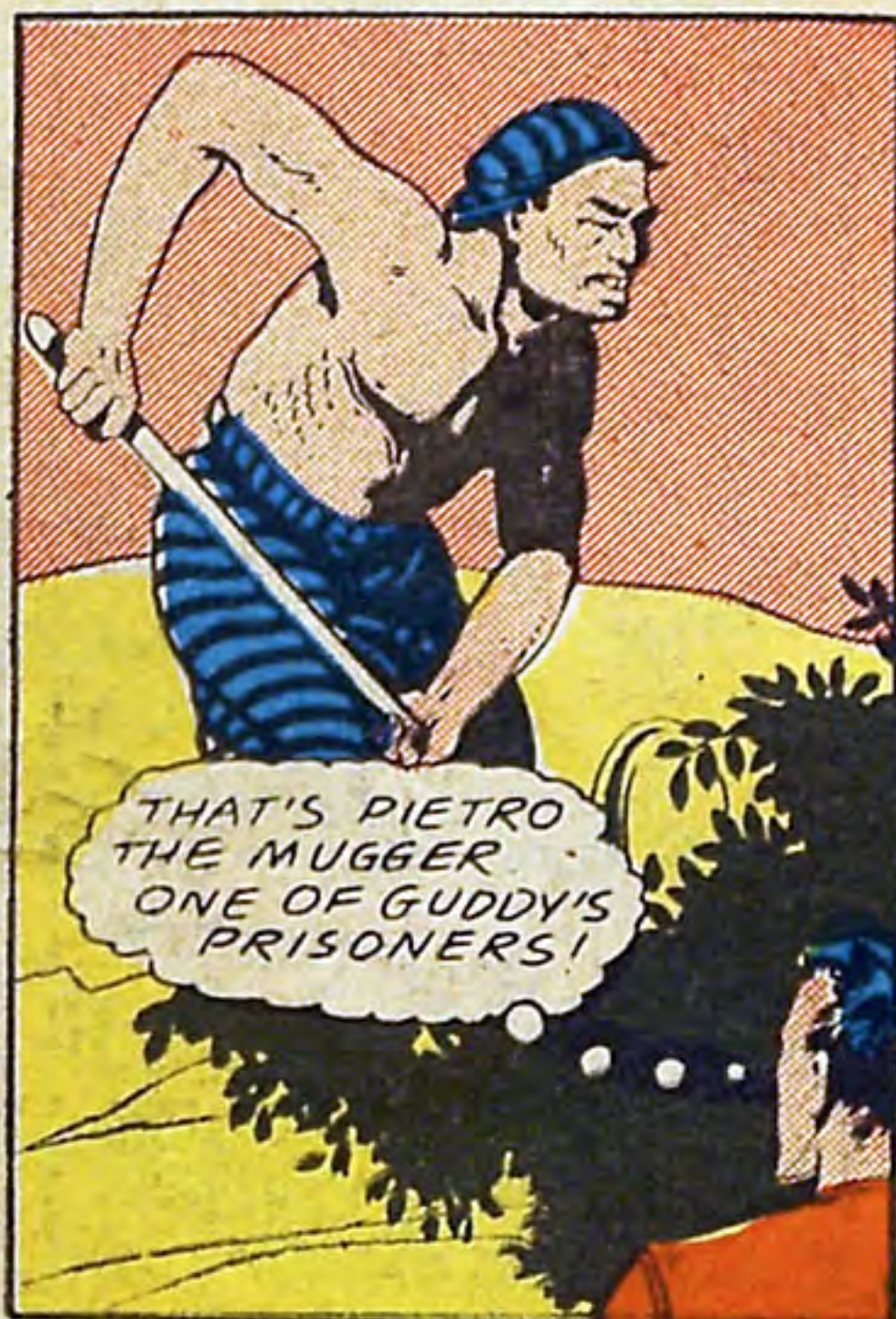




I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M DROPPING INTO A HORNET'S NEST. GLAD IT'S DARK!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT IT'S HAPPENING. GUDDY UNLOADING THE RADIUM AND BURYING THE BODIES!



THAT'S PIETRO THE MUGGER ONE OF GUDDY'S PRISONERS!



WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME IS AMAZING, DAN. TRY THE LIE DETECTOR ON PIETRO. HIS CONFESSION MAY REVEAL GUDDY'S GUILT!

I'LL BRING PIETRO HERE!



NO, I NEVER LEFT THE REGISTRY OF PRISON! A LIE! WE'RE SUNK UNLESS WE CAN MAKE HIM CONFESS!



WELL, THAT CLEARS PIETRO, AND LEADS US UP A BLIND ALLEY!

THERE'S ANOTHER ANGLE PIETRO MAY BE UNDER HYPNOSIS. THEN THE LIE DETECTOR WOULD NOT REGISTER!



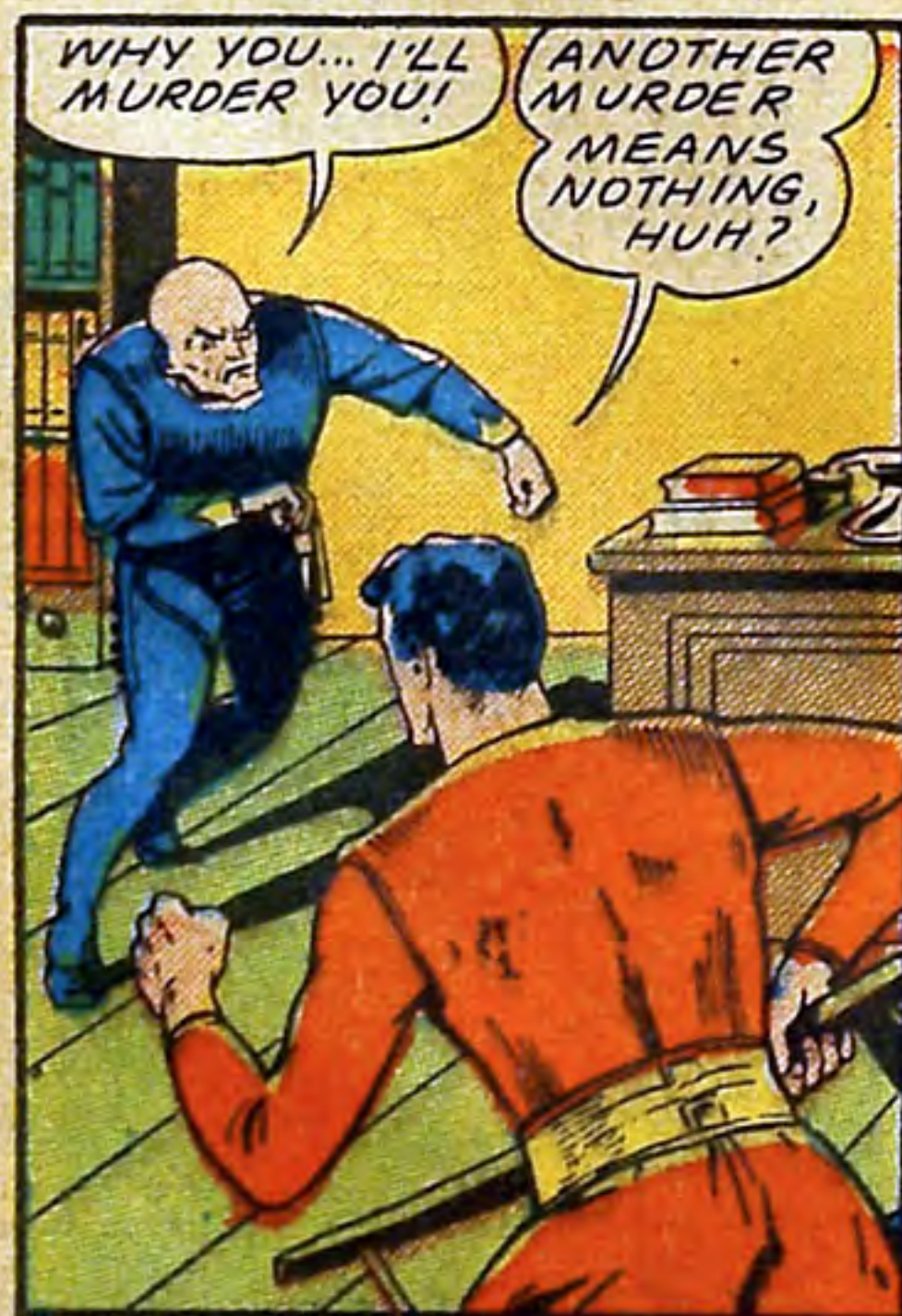
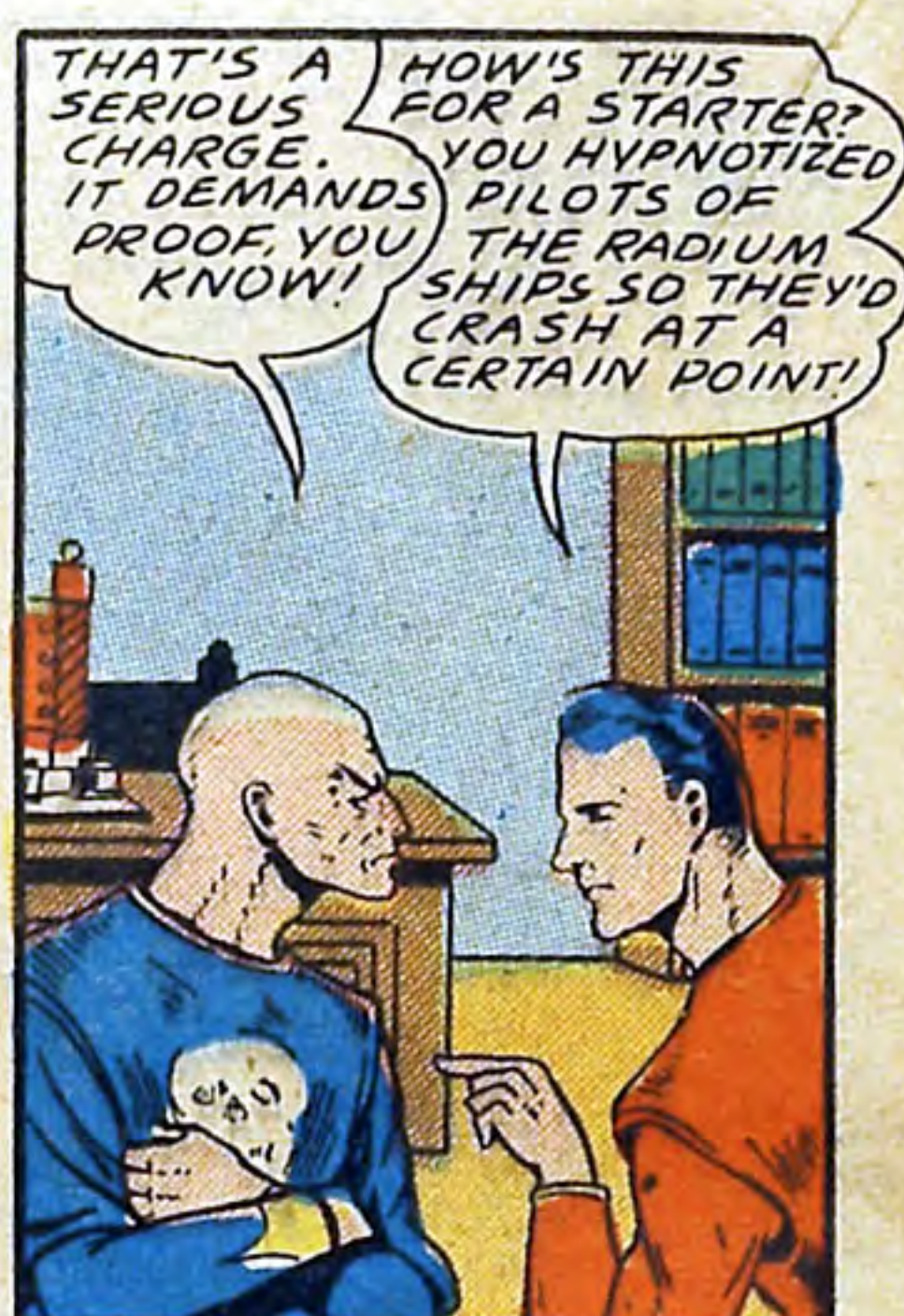
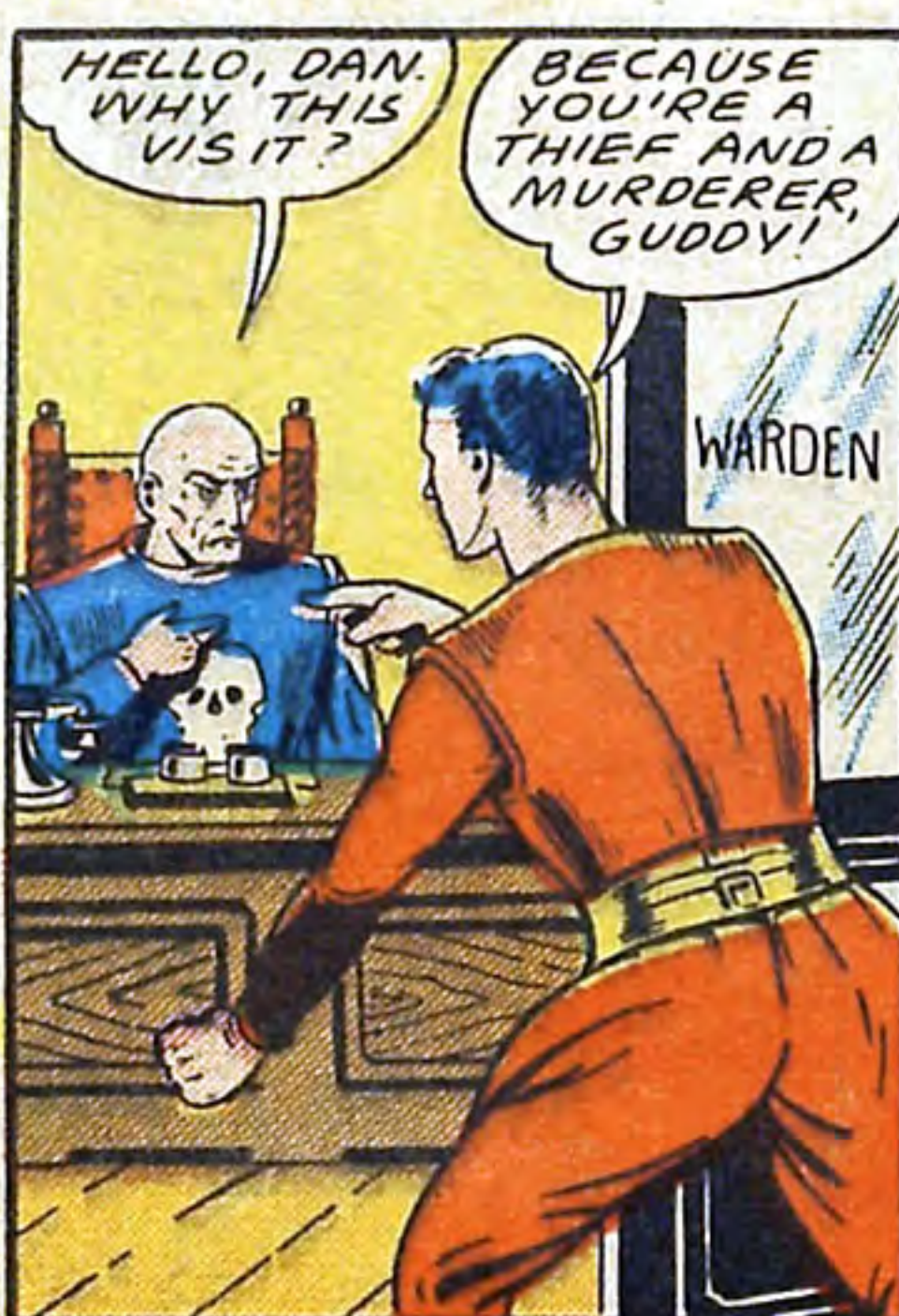
I'VE GOT A TERRIFIC HEADACHE LET ME OUT, DOC!

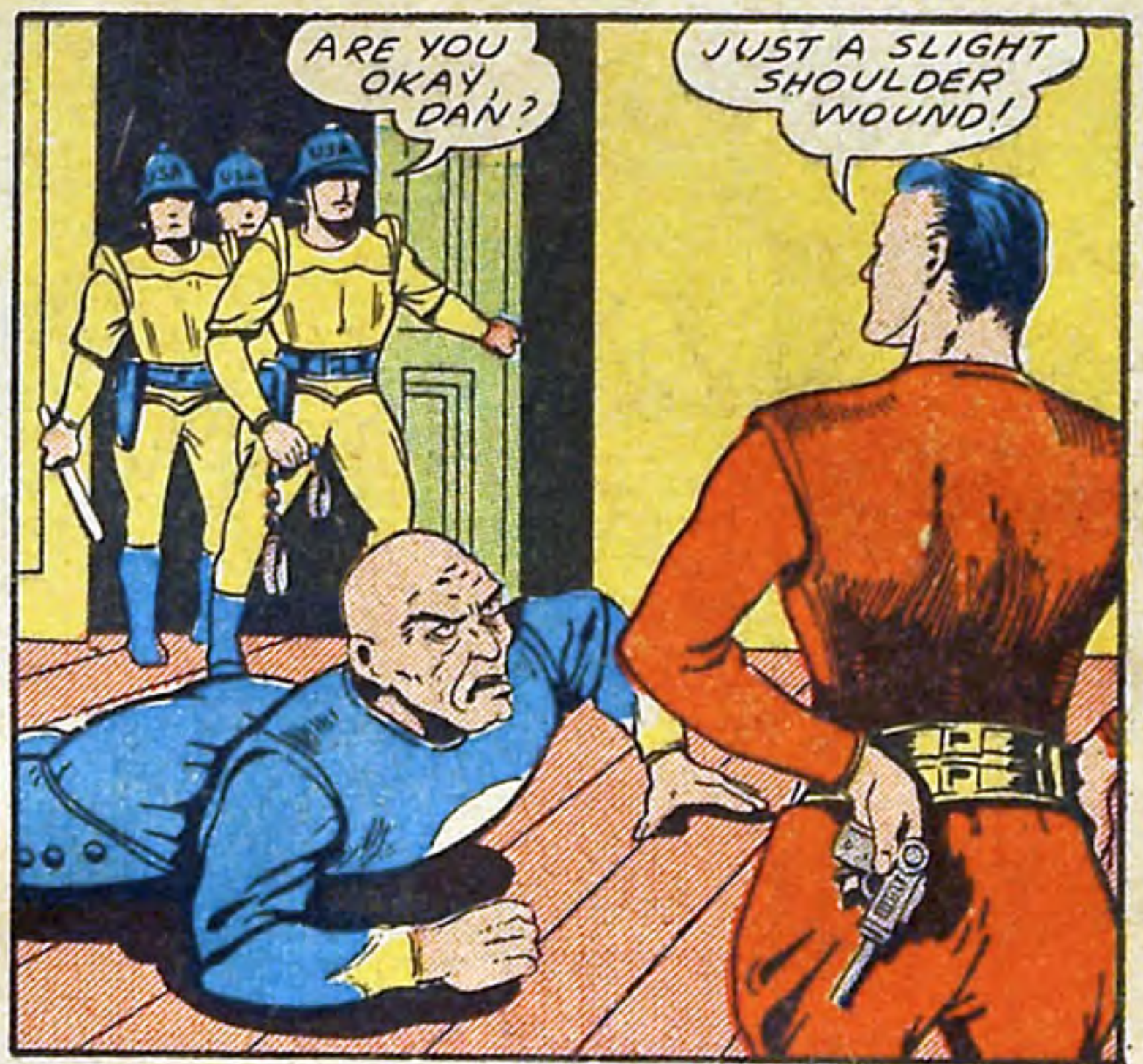
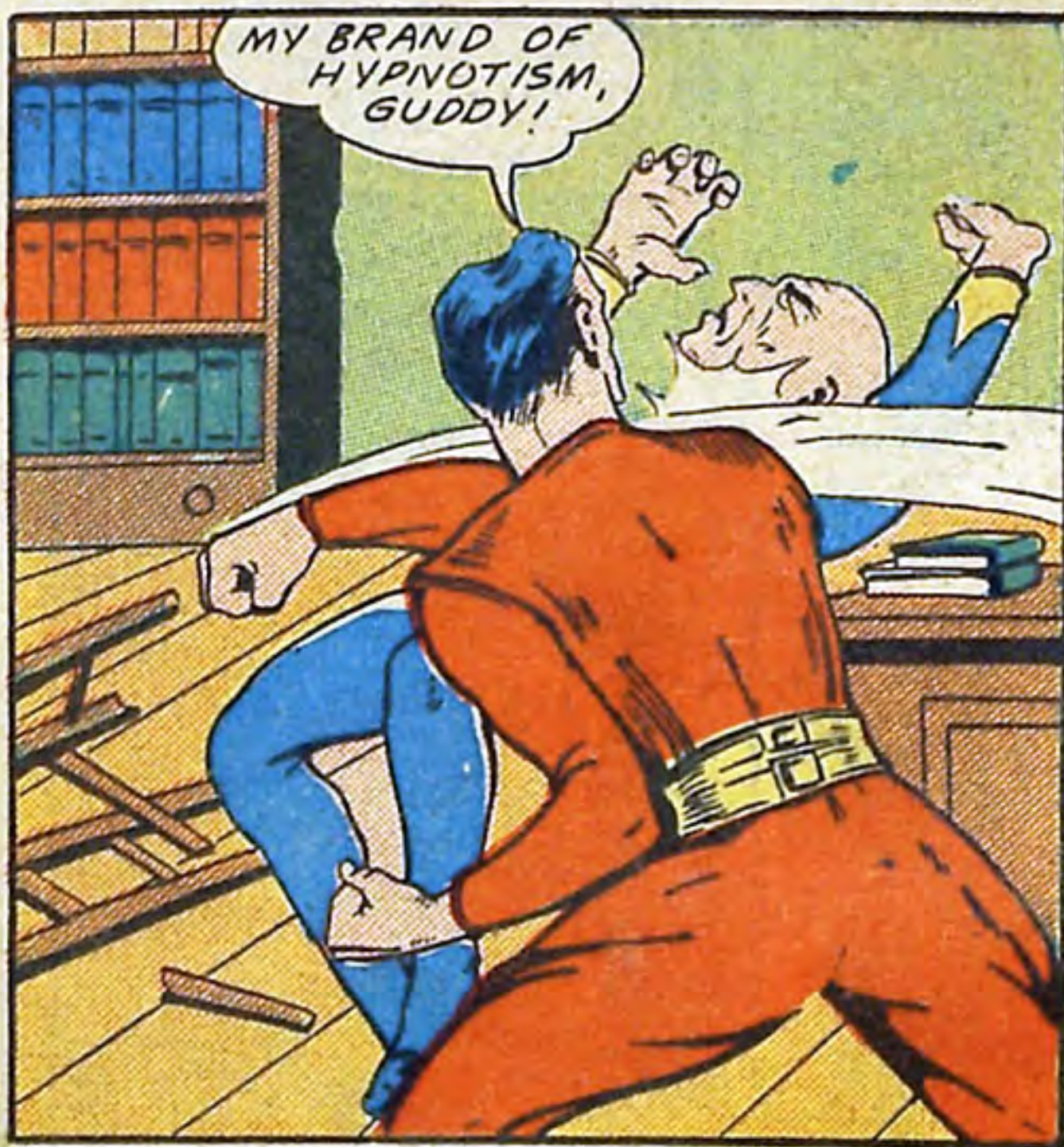
R. B. CRANE EYE SPECIAL



I'LL HAVE MY EYES EXAMINED. THESE HEAD-ACHES HAVE BEEN BOTHERING ME A LOT LATELY

GOOD IDEA, DAN. I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T HOLD UP THE INVESTIGATION FOR A TRIVIAL MATTER!

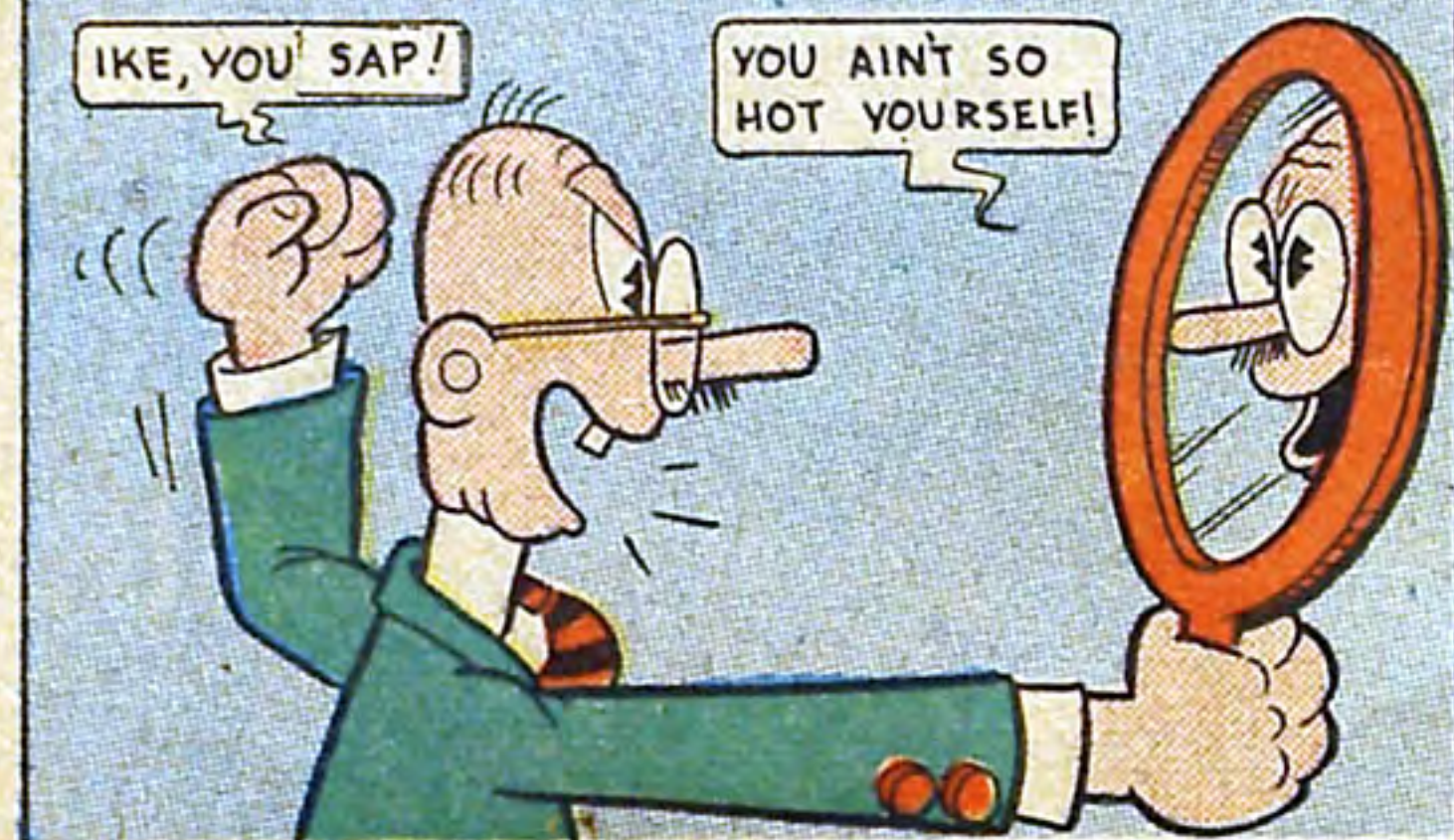




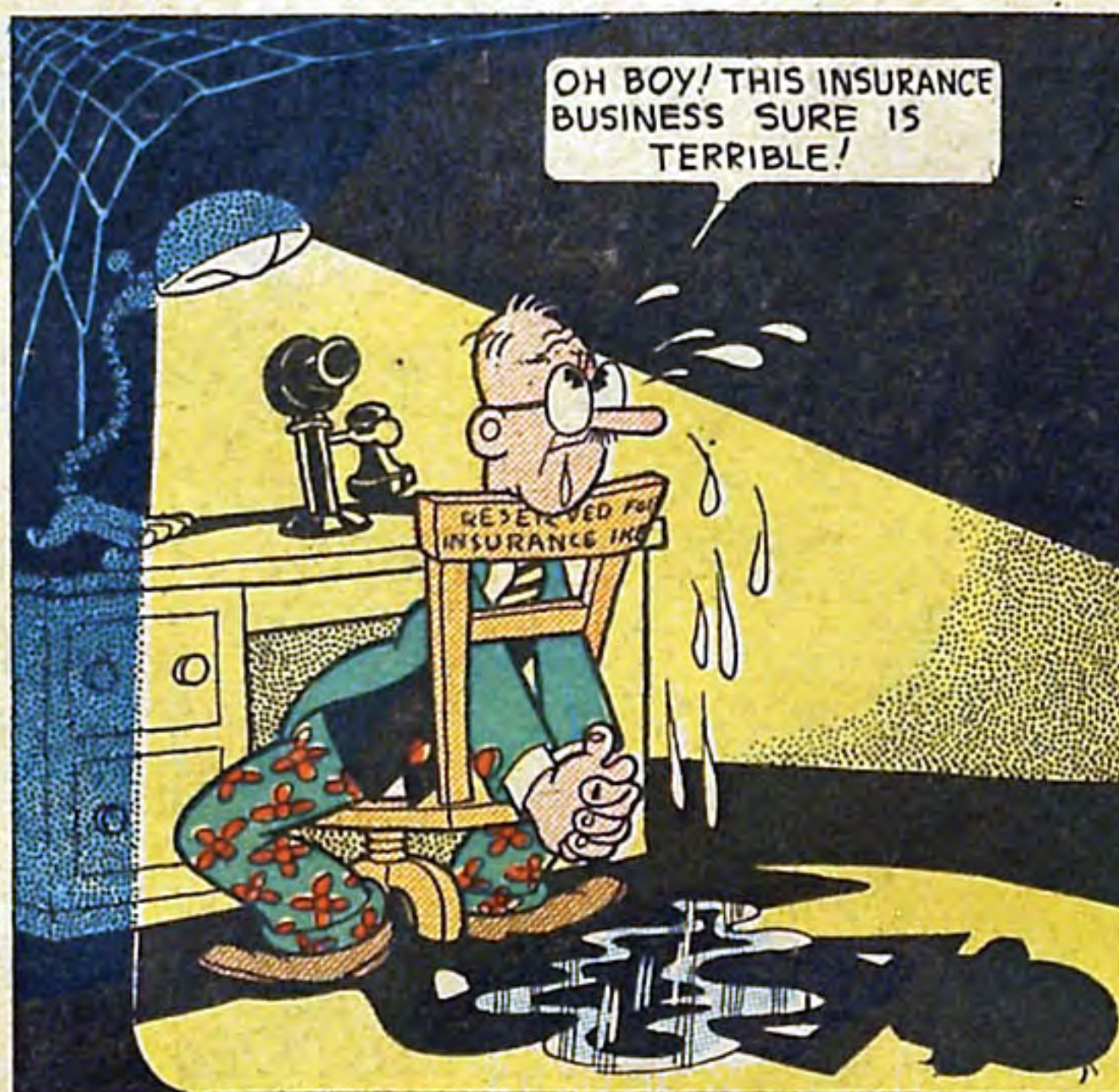
INSURANCE *Ike*

IKE, YOU SAP!

YOU AIN'T SO
HOT YOURSELF!

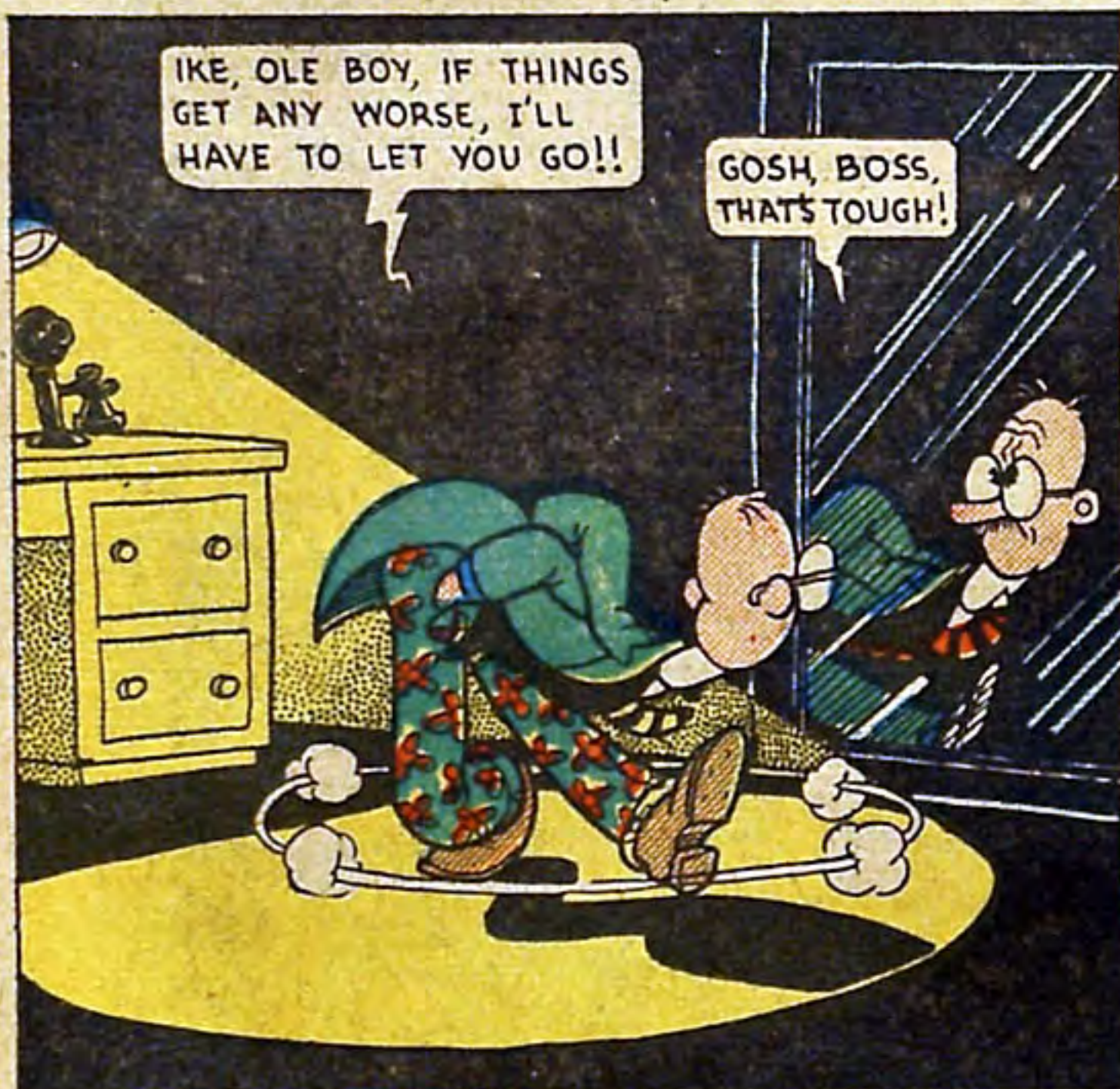


OH BOY! THIS INSURANCE
BUSINESS SURE IS
TERRIBLE!



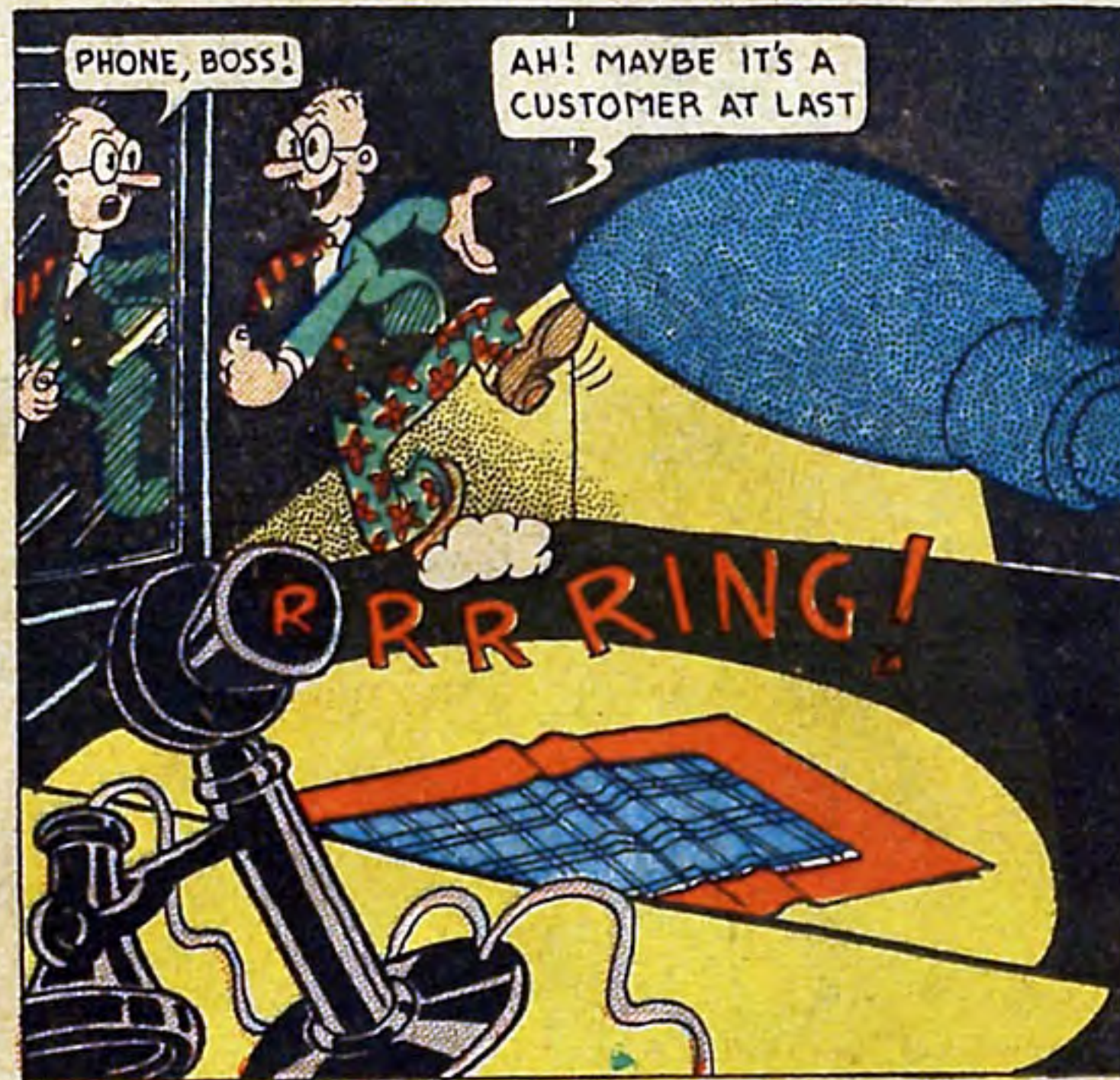
IKE, OLE BOY, IF THINGS
GET ANY WORSE, I'LL
HAVE TO LET YOU GO!!

GOSH, BOSS,
THAT'S TOUGH!



PHONE, BOSS!

AH! MAYBE IT'S A
CUSTOMER AT LAST



COME HOME IKE! - YOUR
HOUSE IS ON FIRE!!

WHAT!

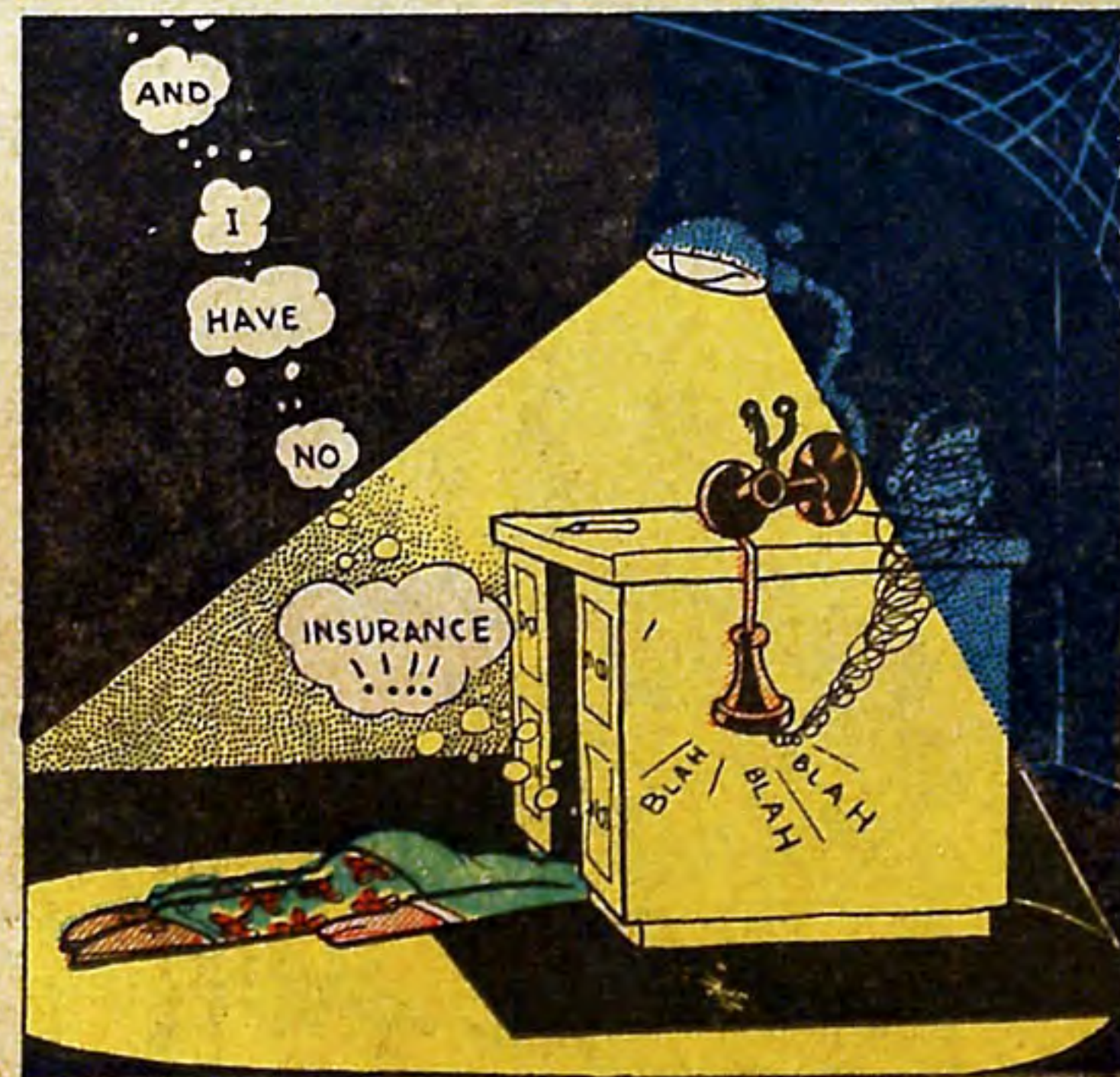


AND

I
HAVE

NO

INSURANCE
!!!



WHO WAS THE MAD MONSTER THAT PROWLED THE PARK AFTER MIDNIGHT? THE ECHO SOUGHT THE GRISLY ANSWER ALTHO HE KNEW HE WOULD NEED A MORE DEADLY STRATEGY THAN HIS AMAZING POWER OF VENTRILOQUISM.



BUT EVE! YOU MUSTN'T CUT ACROSS THE PARK AT THIS LATE HOUR!

DON'T WORRY, CORA. I'M NOT AFRAID!

BUS STOP



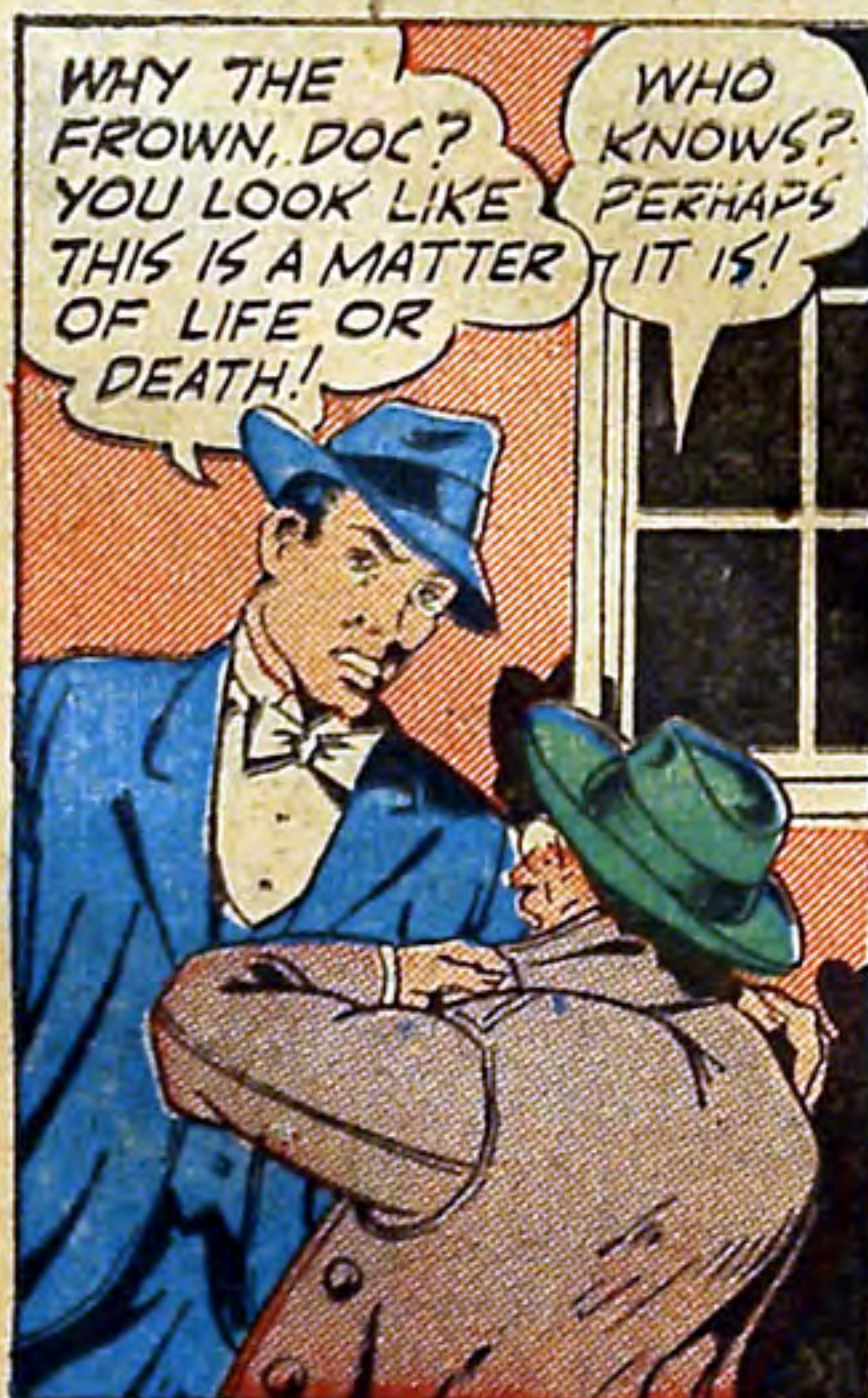
WITH THE ECHO AND DR. DOOM MIXED UP IN SO MANY WEIRD CASES, CORA IS APT TO WORRY TOO MUCH!



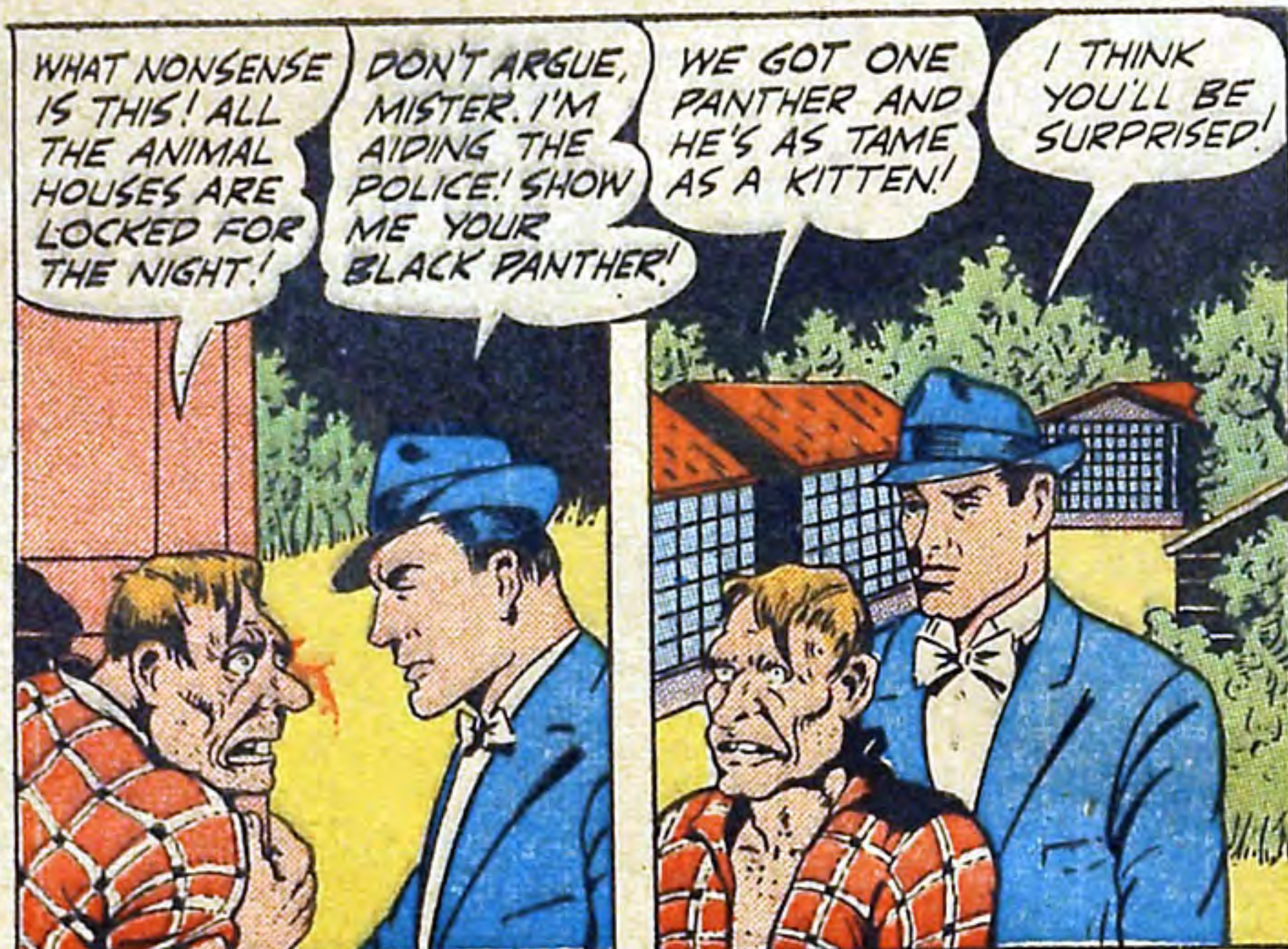
GOODNESS! WHAT WAS THAT HORRIBLE NOISE - AND THAT STRANGE FIGURE CRASHING THROUGH THE BUSHES?



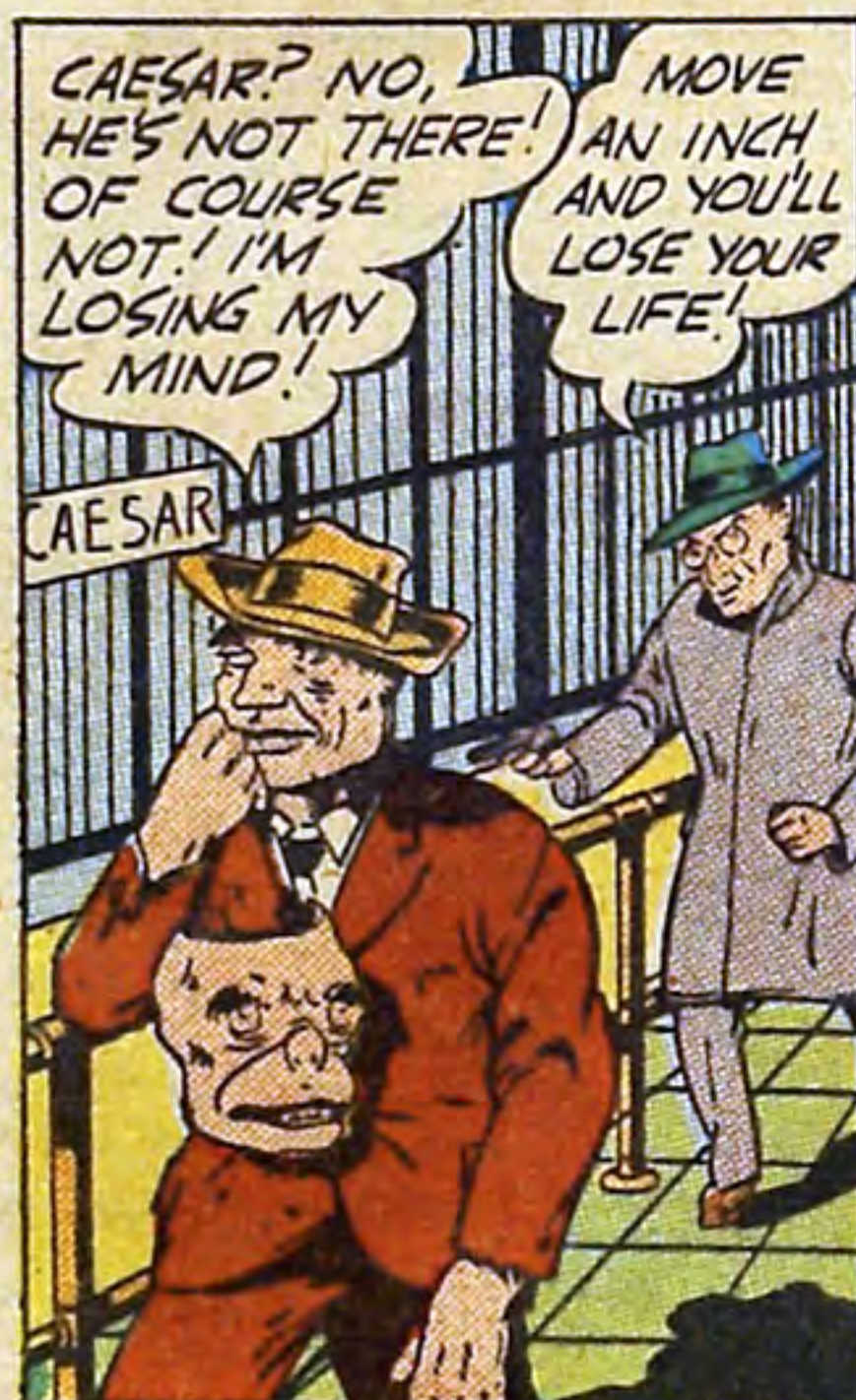
ECHO











MIDNIGHT PRESENT

Major Victory, the mighty guardian of America, on a visit to London, walked slowly down a side street during the blackout. There were no lights as the all clear signal had not been sounded.

He paused to cross the street. A faint cry reached his ears, "Major Victory, Major Victory!" a woman's voice called. He stopped in amazement. Who, in such darkness, could have recognized him?

The woman came closer. She held a bundle in her arms. "I recognized you half an hour ago from the flare of a bomb," she spoke, "I've been following you ever since."

"What is it lady?" the American asked, "Are you in trouble?"

"I know of your daring exploits in America, Major Victory," she said quietly. Then thrusting the bundle in his arms, she continued, "Take this to my sister in Dover, 47 Narrow Lane." With that she disappeared.

Major Victory stepped forward and called into the darkness. "Miss! Miss!" he repeated. Only the echo of far away footsteps answered him.

Holding the bundle carefully, he hurried to his hotel. It was soft, squashy and moved several times. Not until he was in his own room did Victory discover that the strange package contained a tiny baby.

. . . The next morning, Major Victory carried the little burden up the stairs, of the house in Dover.

He knocked on the door and a man answered. Victory held out the child and said, "During last night's blackout in London, a woman asked me to deliver this child to her sister, here."

The old man nodded. "Thank you, thank you," he mumbled, as he took the tiny bundle and turned away from the door.

Major Victory pushed his foot forward and held the door open. Then, with a heave, he pushed his way inside.

"Get out! get out!" the old man cried. "I will take care of the child now!"

"I think I'll help you!" shot Major Victory, as he leaped forward grabbing the gun out of the man's hands.

From behind a curtain in the living room, several men suddenly dived on Victory. Stunned for an instant he fell and the men piled on top of him. Cold steel touched his neck. "Move and I'll splatter your brains all over the place!" a sinister voice whispered into his ear.

With a lunge, the mighty Major Victory leaped to his feet. The gun at his neck exploded harmlessly into the ceiling. Using both fists, Victory landed blow after blow on the men crowding forward.

Like a powerful battering ram, the mighty American's fists smashed at the faces that loomed before him.

It was several minutes later before

the husky Major Victory stood over the beaten group of men. He wiped a streak of blood where a knife point had touched him. Three men came through the door. "Ahhh! Inspector Manners," the American said politely.

"Yes and I see you've done as good a job rounding up spies in London as you've been doing back in the U. S. A.," the Scotland Yard man said smilingly, as he surveyed the group on the floor.

"Not yet, Inspector," Victory shouted, as he rushed to the window. Then, yanking the drape from the bar, revealed the figure of a woman. "The last and probably the most shrewd of all," he shouted.

Inspector Manners covered her with a gun while another Scotland Yard man slipped a pair of handcuffs on her wrists.

"You were very clever," the voice of the night before said softly, "but, how did you figure it out?"

"When a baby cries one should change its clothing," Victory responded calmly. "In doing so, I found the map of the munitions factory drawn on its underthings. The rest was simple. A matter of cooperation between Scotland Yard and myself."

As the last of the prisoners was ushered out the door, Inspector Manners turned to the American and said, "Never knew a name to fit a man better—Major Victory—over the enemies of liberty!"

LUCKY COYNE



LUCKY COYNE,
PRIVATE
DETECTIVE,
AND HIS TWO FISTED
PAL, TERRY, ENGAGE
IN A THRILLING
BATTLE TO UNCOVER
THE MYSTERY
OF THE
EVIL EYE.

EVENING A YOUNG GIRL CALLS AT LUCKY COYNE'S OFFICE

WHICH OF YOU GENTLEMEN IS MR. COYNE?



I AM, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M HELEN JORDAN. I'VE INHERITED THE JORDAN MANSION AND I'M IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!



EVEN AS THE JORDAN GIRL RELATES HER STORY, A MENACING HAND APPEARS AT THE REAR WINDOW.....

IT'S HAUNTED BY A TERRIBLE GHOST CALLED EVIL EYE....



AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM RENTS THE AIR, FOLLOWED BY INSANE GURGLING LAUGHTER.

WHEEEEE... HA, HA HA!



THE EYE... THE EVIL EYE!

WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?



ON REACHING THE WINDOW, THE ACE DETECTIVE FIRES AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT THE SHADOWY FIGURE CONTINUES TO DART THROUGH THE NIGHT.

I NEVER MISSED ANYTHING SO MANY TIMES IN MY LIFE.



I'D LOVE TO LIVE IN THE MANSION, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

HEADS WE GO, TAILS WE DON'T.

WELL, BOSS?

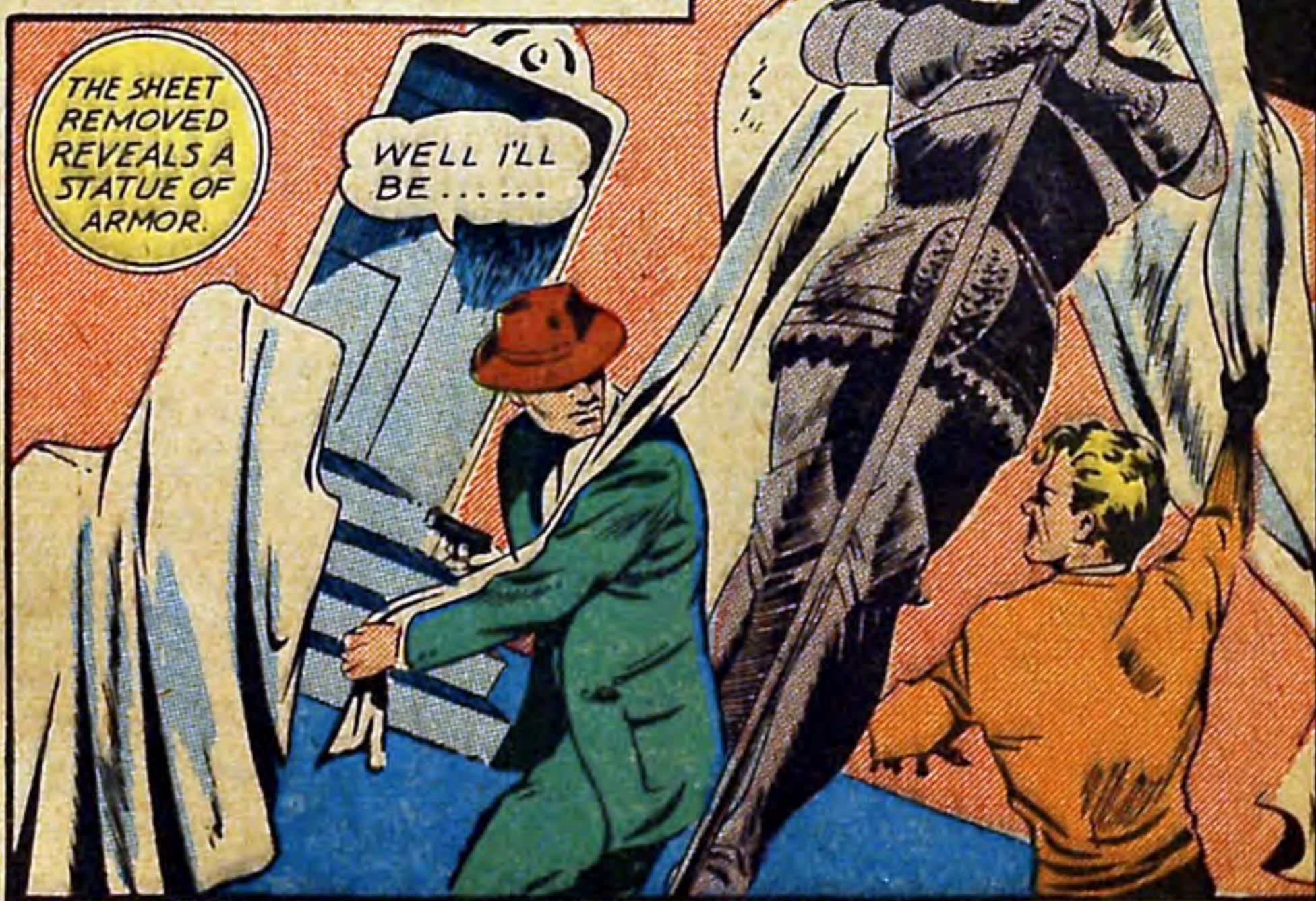


LUCKY FLIPS, AND THE COIN LANDS WITH THE HEAD UP....



YOU CAN REST EASY, MA'M.. WE'LL GET OLD EVIL EYE FOR YOU!







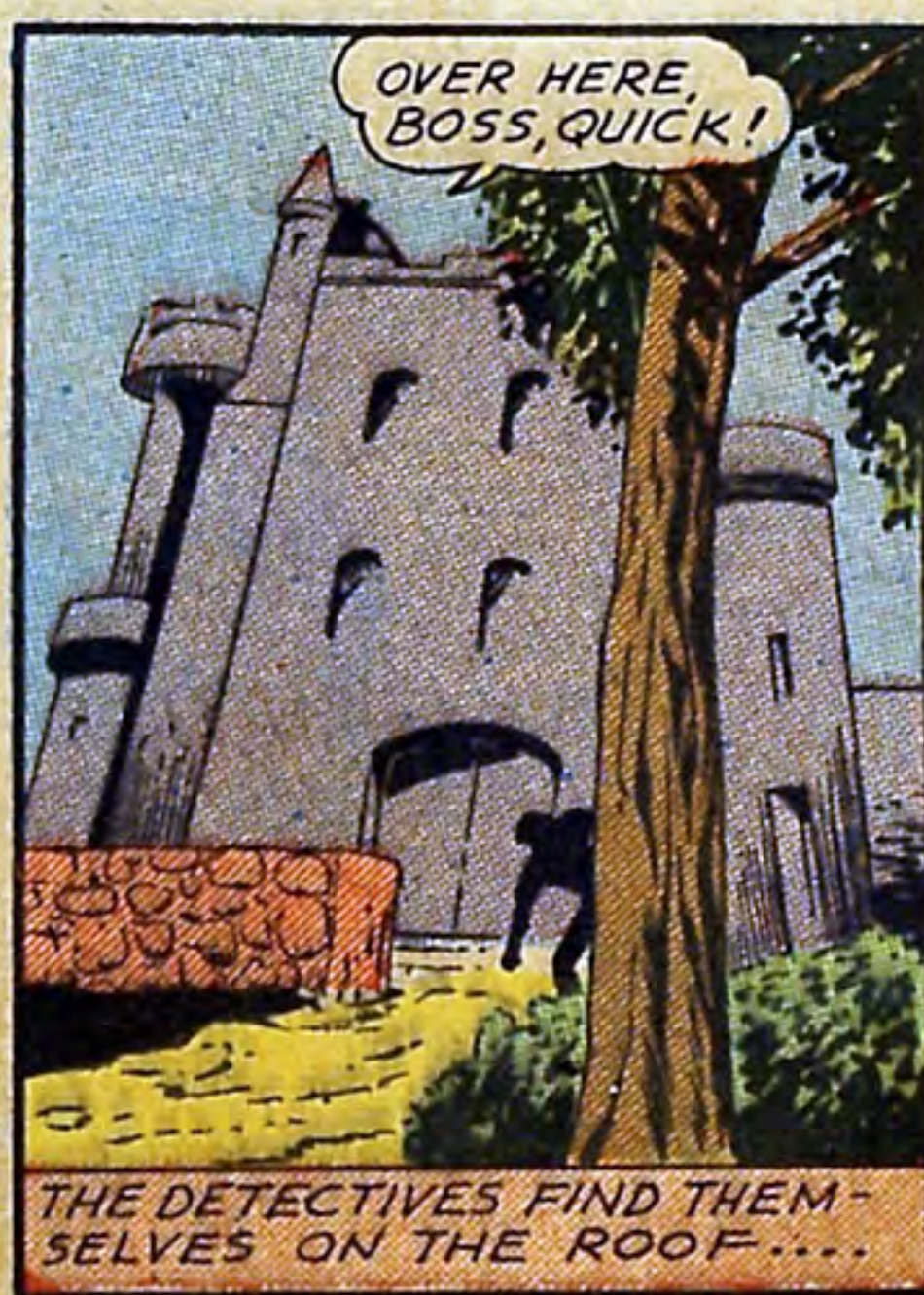
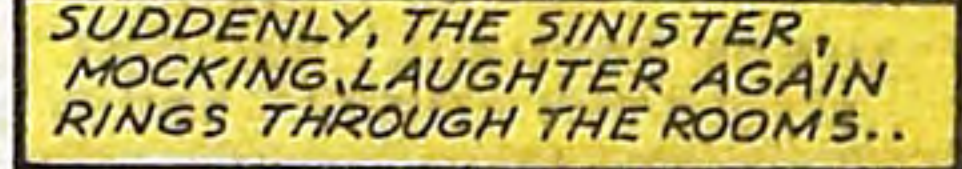


TERRY FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS
AND SHOUTS A STIFLED WARNING...



INSTANTLY, LUCKY FIRES SQUARE
LY INTO THE DEMON'S FACE...







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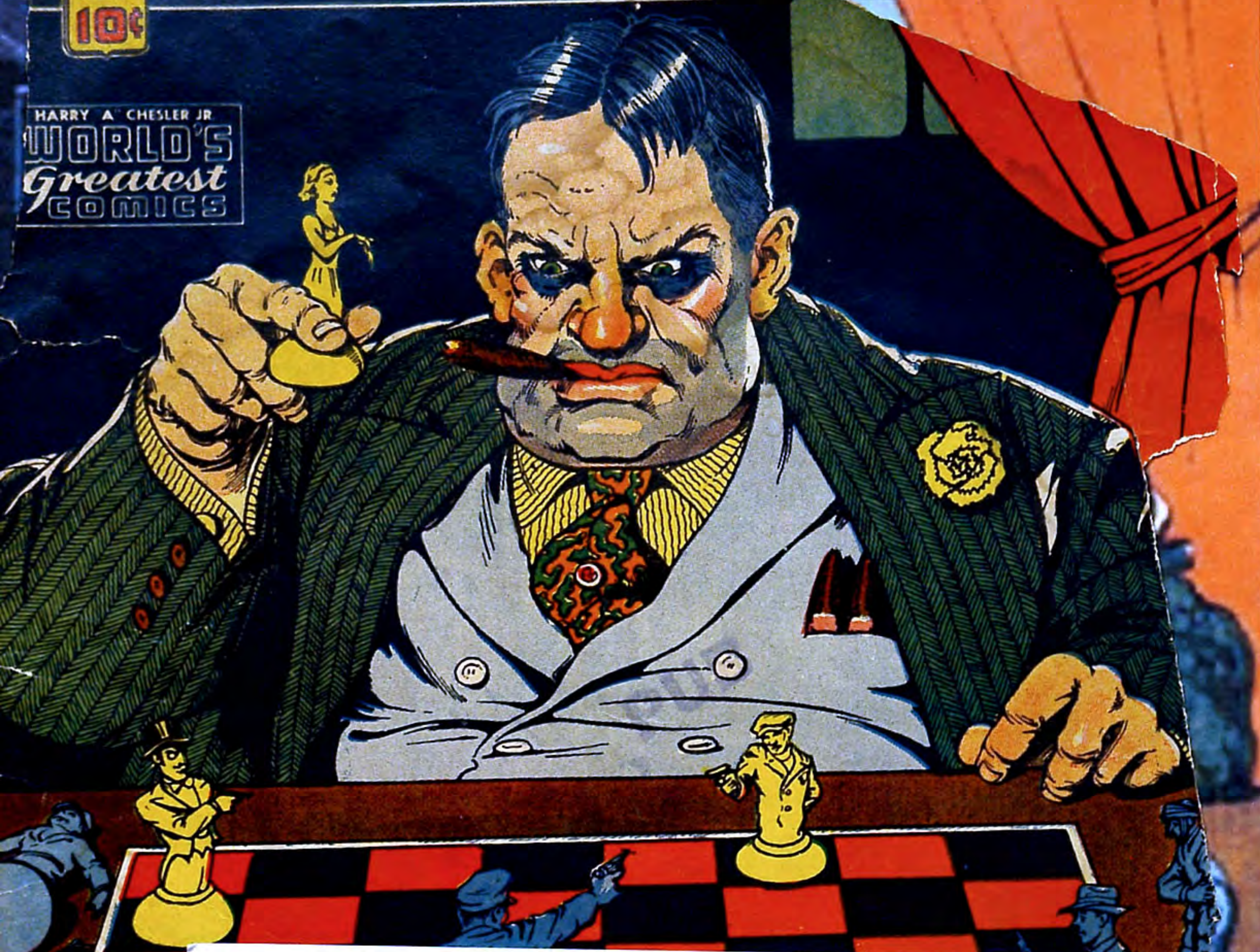
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